

HEADPRESS 6

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Adults Only



HEADPRESS

sex religion death



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DO NOT BE TOO CONFIDENT MR.— IT IS HARD TO SAY WHO IS SICK.

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HEADPRESS 6: STRANGE

COVER ~ Monika M. in a scene from *Schramm* (photo: Alex Matuschka)

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Editorial

Looks like the policing of acceptable behaviour is to become a part of our everyday lives. What with the frightening Spanner case making media headlines (see *From Hell* this issue). No results as of writing but it's all foreboding stuff. Just think, if prosecution is successful baton wielding policemen could break into your home in the early hours, whip back your bedclothes and arrest you for indecent exposure!

And we all thought 1993 was going to bring our abased rights in line with those of our fellow Europeans. Well the trade barriers have changed radically for one thing. Maybe you could purchase that Cicciolina tape you've wanted for so long. But then again maybe not. Sadly, real adult movies are still just as illegal on this god forsaken island as they were in Charlie Chaplin days.

So what benefits can we expect from this relaxed attitude towards importing goods, well, *certain goods*? The only evident "advantage" is that you can bring in as many cigarettes and bottles of alcohol as you can ably carry. Products that result in the deaths of an estimated 100,000 people per annum are *fine*. Sex however is a definite no no. Sex, remember, is *obscene*.

Enough complaining about restrictions of freedom, let's look on a brighter side. Take for instance the stupendous competition in these very pages. All prizes donated by those wonderfully generous Savoy guys. So get your pens out now and forget those Pools coupons or that Readers Digest Big Mega Best Ever Prize Draw or that Win £10,000 Instantly If You Find A Plastic Token At The Bottom Of This Lager Can.

Does anyone know anyone who has actually won one of these instant prize competitions? When I saw the recent ad campaign for the Readers Digest mega draw I couldn't help but notice that one of those flashing lights on the big UK map was suspiciously close to my own home.

And hey, a few days later my own personal certificate dropped through the letterbox. Quivering with anticipation I unsealed the envelope still not believing my astonishing luck. First thing to drop to the floor was a car key indicating the fact that I'd won an Audi or £17,000 cash. I rubbed my hands and looked for more. Wow! £15,000 for my birthday. And the little playing card (10 of hearts) showed that I'd got a further £16,500 on its way. Was it my lucky day or what? By the time I'd finished reading the letter, and before I'd finished my Weetabix I was a quarter millionaire. All I needed to do was decide whether or not I wanted a road atlas. Then I looked at the return envelopes. The YES nicely coloured, the NO dull, black lettering. The YES also had a thank you note, the NO a "Frankly we're puzzled" statement. The YES had "Official Reply Envelope" printed clearly on the front, the NO had it hidden beneath the flap and so on. Talk about psychological persuasion!

One can imagine what lengths similar prize draws will go to in the future in order to get you to respond correctly. Urine flavoured gum on the NO envelope, strawberry on the YES; "Are you sure you mean NO? Gordon H. of Gloucester said NO last year and has since died horribly in a motorway pile-up.", "Examples of people who never sent the YES envelope are Ian Brady, Saddam Hussien, Barry Manilow...".

By the time this issue has gone to print co-editor David Kerekes will be a married man. Yes, he's finally decided to take the plunge and do the right thing. Congratulations to himself and Lesley and all presents, cards, donations etc can be sent to the happy couple care of Headpress.

David Slater

STRANGE

SEX AND REBELLION IN THE LIFE OF SWINBURNE

Simon Whitechapel

Possibly an epileptic, probably a genius, best known as a pervert, Charles Algernon Swinburne was the aristocratic scion who advocated regicide and revolution with anarchic fervour - and came to write equally vigorous apologetics of the Boer and Zulu Wars; who calumniated a Scottish Albert Memorial as Queen Victoria's lithophallic monument to her consort's virility - and lived to be considered for the post of poet laureate; who hymned the delights of algolagnic cannibalism in a poetic tribute to the lesbian poetess Sappho¹ - and ended his life lyricizing the joys of *A Child's Laughter*.

He came into the world in 1837; at points in the 1860s he seemed almost certain to drink himself out of it; in the end he outlived the Queen against whose morality he had once been a figurehead of opposition. He was, and remains, a fascinating figure, combining a hundred contradictory traits and living a life that rose and fell from extreme to extreme: today, of course, he is remembered for three things. First, his sadomasochism; second, his very red hair²; third, and least, his verse:

*Could you hurt me, sweet lips, though I hurt you?
Men touch them and change in a trice
The lilies and languors of virtue
For the raptures and roses of vice;
Those lie where thy foot on the floor is,
These crown and caress thee and chain
O splendid and sterile Dolores,
Our Lady of Pain.³*

Nor shall I be hypocritical and claim that it anything but prurience that led me, in the first instance, to take an interest in Swinburne. The truth is that mentions of his name in connection with sexual perversion are far commoner than any other, even in academic texts. It's difficult to read any historical treatment of perversion (more particularly of sadomasochism (more particularly

still, of sadomasochism's flagellatory aspects)) without coming across mention of his name. His amatory obsessions have probably made the gap in numbers, between those who have heard of him and those who have read him, wider than is the case for any other poet.

Obsession, by the way, is most decidedly the *mot juste*. Although there is no doubt that Swinburne actually enacted - or had enacted upon himself - part of his fantasies, fantasy is, for the most part, exactly what they were: it was in imagination that Swinburne conducted most



Charles Algernon Swinburne

of his sex life. Not all of his openly published poetry dwells upon sadomasochistic themes: his one-and-a-half serious novels, and a great deal of correspondence, and almost all of the poetry he produced anonymously or for restricted circulation, were concerned with little else. The raw material, as it was for so many of his contemporaries in an age whose education system prefigured in its inculcation of sadomasochistic tastes, the production line methods of modern industry, was his school days.

Even in the realm of recollection, however,

Swinburne's imagination was at work. He lived vividly, and imagined vividly. It is to imagination, at least, Donald Thomas, one of the best of his modern biographers, attributes the Des Essentian embellishments of the description Swinburne gives of his initiation into algolagnia by James Joynes, his tutor at Eton. Mr. Joynes, according to Swinburne, would seek to excite the glutened nerves of the punishee to an even more agonizing pitch by conducting the floggings in a secluded glade in nearby countryside, or, in a more conventional indoors setting, by preparing the flogging room with incense and drenching his pupil's face with *eau-de-cologne* beforehand; but Swinburne reported that these refinements intensified not only the pain, but also the pleasure.

To most present day sensibilities the single-minded concentration of the Victorian sadomasochist on flagellation is at best mildly titillatory, at worst, as in a flagellation passage reproduced in Spencer Ashbee's *Index Librorum Prohibitorum*, revolting. Often too, it is tedious; above all, of course, it is absurd.

And Swinburne was in many ways an absurd figure. The hilarity with which he marked his first reading of the works of the Marquis de Sade, whom he had adopted beforehand on a no more than nominal acquaintance as "prophet, preacher and poet", must be echoed by many of those who read his story. Other than by "farcical", how else could one adequately describe such episodes as that in which he, in a Dionysiac frenzy of drunkenness, flung to the floor and stamped flat all the top-hats in the cloakroom of one of his London clubs, or that in which he drove furiously from his chambers a terrified would-be acquaintance who had surprised him in the act of dancing naked in front of a full-length mirror?

But if he was often absurd, it's very difficult to believe that he wasn't aware of himself. Like that of many great eccentrics, much of his behaviour must have been conscious caricature of himself; just as no one produced more effective parodies of the occasionally over-lush verbiage of his poetry than he did himself, no one could exploit the comic possibilities of Swinburne's personality quite like Swinburne. Although the hysteria of his enthusiasms and calumnations may have been at least partly founded on some neurological disorder - epilepsy is a possible reading of the diagnosis of "an excess of electric energy" from a doctor called in by parents worried at their son's inability, both physical and mental, to be still - it can more easily be seen as a natural consequence of his two most deeply rooted characteristics: a need for stimulus that amounted almost to an addiction, and a deep hatred of authority.

Poetry has been described as a drug. For many poets that is all too clearly a metaphor; in Swinburne's case it approaches literal truth as closely as it is ever likely to. His verse is not simply meant to be read, but read *aloud*; not simply read aloud, but *chanted*. After the appearance of *Poems and Ballads* in 1866, the students of Oxford and Cambridge would link arms and walk four and

five abreast along pavements, declaiming its verses as they swept fellow pedestrians into the road. A rather milder form of hooliganism than we are used to today, but the root cause might have been the same: intoxication. Swinburne exploited all the resources of the poetic idiom of his day to their full, sometimes beyond the point of parody. He was in love with words; more particularly, with the sound of words, with the consequence that his verse is often spine-tinglingly beautiful - and quite meaningless. At the beginning of his *Hymn to Proserpina*, for example, he confidently affirms -

*Thou art more than the day or the morrow,
the seasons that laugh or that weep;
For these give joy and sorrow,
but thou, Proserpina, sleep.*

- while toward the end of the poem he avers just as confidently -

*Thou art more than the gods who number
the days of our temporal breath;
For these give labour and slumber,
but thou, Proserpina, death.*

His technical mastery and his facility for producing verse were incredible. The forty-one verses of *Faustine*, his hymn to a Roman Empress¹ of decidedly Sadean tastes in lunchtime entertainment -

*She drank the steaming drift and dust
Blown off the scene;
Blood could not ease the bitter lust
That galled Faustine.*

- were said to have been composed on a short train journey as part of a competition with friends to see who could produce the greatest number of rhymes to the poem's eponym; thirteen stanzas of *Laus Veneris* were similarly produced in an ecstatic sixty-minute burst under the stimulus of an afternoon's reading of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*.

But if his verse intoxicated others, it intoxicated its creator even more, and when inspiration failed him his craving for mental stimulus could only be quietened by drink.

For one, long period of his life, Swinburne was an alcoholic. There is further farce in the descriptions of how in the days of his worst excesses he was constantly captured by concerned friends and relatives in a drunken stupor, and as constantly escaped to return to the state from which he was rescued. His bouts of hysteria and childish petulance increased, and he began to suffer physically, affected in his early thirties with the dullness of eye and skin of the middle-aged, and enduring chronic bouts of dysentery²; there is little doubt that his drinking would have killed him in short order.

In this, as in so many other ways, the wilfulness

The
Flogging-Block.

To Keats Poem.

By Alfred Redworth, Esq.
M.A., Langham,
By Swinburne, B.A.,
London:
1877.

Sing, the Flogging-block. Thou, red-cheek'd Muse,
Whose Hand the Blood of smothering Boys imbrues,
Scholastic Dame, nurser of State & Church,
Whose Lords to be have writhed beneath the Birch;
Those that canst see, & smile before thy Crown
A budding Bishop, take his Breeches down,
And, singling at the Terrors of thy rod,
A Judge that shall be swift to stabb the Red,
And ere his Brow be ripe, for Boys to come
Birch, Birch enwrap the beardless Poet's Bum.
Birch, Birch alone embrace his brawnier Part,
Birch, Birch inflame his flesh with hundred Smart.
Birch, daily Birch, ring Music in his Eard,
Birch, hourly Birch, ^{and} _{now} his heart's a-burn,
Birch, Birch, instant Birch, fill all his Days with Care.

The Flogging-Block

of his behaviour was that of a child, and in the end his salvation was, effectively, a kidnapping. From 1879, Swinburne lived at Number 10, The Pines, in the home of Theodore Watts-Dunton, who fulfilled the role partly of friend, partly of acolyte, partly of psychotherapist and partly of jailer. From brandy, Swinburne was weaned by way of wine and porter to beer; from recipient of algolagnic lashings in the luxurious flagellation brothels of St John's Wood, he was converted into a pater of the heads of the babies (amongst them the infant Robert Graves) he met on his afternoon constitutionals on Wimbledon Common. In the greatest leaf-turning of all, the firebrand responsible for the incandescent anti-authoritarianism of the lines -

*When the devil's riddle is mastered
And the galley-bench creaks with a Pope,
We shall see Buonaparte the bastard
Kick heels with his throat in a rope.*

- became the choleric imperialist who threatened to kick downstairs an Irish nationalist who called upon him to request "An Ode on the Proclamation of an Irish Republic", (not unreasonably in view of the fact that

Swinburne had denounced the executions of the Irish nationalists responsible for the so-called "Fenian" bomb outrages of 1867).

This last transformation was indeed the supreme irony of Swinburne's life. In early manhood he had shown a tendency towards hero-worship, but he had always selected the objects of this from an impeccably radical pantheon: the Italian revolutionary Mazzini; the English poets Blake and Landor (to the later of whom he dedicated the work that first made his name, *Atalanta in Calydon*); most importantly, and most self-parodying of all, the Marquis de Sade. To these rulers of imagination and the poetic impulse, Swinburne accorded respect and adulation, and, when he was able to meet the first-named of them in the flesh, literal homage. For those who ruled in actuality, he reserved emotions of equal if opposite violence.

While he was at Oxford, the coming into residence of the Prince of Wales provoked him into making an impassioned defence of tyrannicide at the Oxford Union; his views on Napoleon III and the Pope are summed up very adequately in the couplets above. At home, the milder pricks of Queen Victoria's reign were kicked against in the form of an unrelentingly iconoclastic novel and play in which, amongst other things, Prince Albert attempts a coup d'état with the aid of the lecherous Bishop of London and Queen Victoria is revealed as having an identical twin who has been brought up as a prostitute and shares with her sister a ravening nymphomania that was awakened in the case of the Queen by a maidenhead-hungry poet called Wordsworth.

These particular literary endeavours were, for obvious reasons, carried out in private; in public he fired his shafts just as fiercely but feathered them somewhat more conventionally. In *The Higher Pantheism in a Nutshell*, he caught and twisted with a mercilessly accurate ear the earnestly mystical tone of Tennyson's *The Higher Pantheism*.

*Two and two may be four;
but four and four are not eight
Fate and God may be twain:
but God is the same thing as fate.
Ask a man what he thinks,
and get from a man what he feels
God once caught in the act,
shows you a clean pair of heels.*

And besides mocking Tennyson, of course, he was also mocking religion; in particular, that manifestation of religion with which he came into the most intimate contact. Christianity was for Swinburne, just as it was for de Sade and a thousand other free-thinkers and rebels, the Supreme Enemy. Swinburne was not an atheist in any conventional sense but, atheist or no, he opposed himself fully to the morality of the God of the Victorian Church of England.

Today, when we have, in this country at least, witnessed the final ebbing of the tide of faith, it is

difficult to appreciate the passion of Swinburne's opposition; difficult too, when our knowledge of the Bible and Book of Common Prayer is not honed week in and week out by attendance at church services, to appreciate fully the means by which he appropriated the language of the Church to mock her.

His verse is replete with the language and imagery of Christian texts:

*Seven sorrows the priests give their Virgin
But thy sins, which are seventy times seven,
Seven ages would fail thee to purge in,
And then they would haunt thee in Heaven;*¹¹

These lines could only possess the piquancy of blasphemy that Swinburne surely intended in them for one familiar with Christian iconography. Two of his most famous poems are hymns, but hymns to all-powerful pagan Goddesses, in complete reversal of the conventions of Christian patriarchy. *Dolores* is a hymn to a Madonna figure, but a Madonna figure quite unlike the meek subordinate mother of the Christ-child:

*When thy lips had such lovers to flatter;
When the city lay red from thy rods,
And thine hands were as arrows to scatter
The children of change and their gods;
When the blood of thy foemen made fervent
A sand never moist from the main,
As one smote them, their lord and thy servant
Our Lady of Pain.*

But if the laudatory reference here to the persecution of the early Christians is too oblique for you, you may be satisfied by the more explicitly anti-Christian sentiments of these lines from *Hymn to Proserpina*:

*Thou hast conquered, O pale Galilean;
The world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean,
And fed on the fullness of death.*

For Swinburne, Christianity had apotheosized a spirit of repressive morality, creating a cold and gloomy god whose worship dulled the bright sensations of pleasure and pain equally. In reaction against this grey faith, he espoused paganism, but a carefully selective paganism that he never felt inclined to translate from poetry into reality. The Hellenism of Victorian England was a perfectly respectable enthusiasm: how indeed could it be otherwise when most of its adherents used it as an adjunct to or buttress of a strictly conventional Anglicanism? In Swinburne's case, however, it formed the foundation of a non-existent superstructure: in it he sought not a system of life but mythic justification for his erotic enthusiasms.

Sadomasochism represents an eroticizing of the relationships of power, and what is eroticized is also

subverted, one might even say satirized. Authority represents the imposition of one will upon another: to the powerless or the rebel, sadomasochism can represent a means of at once subverting and mocking this imposition. Sadism in its purest form demands that the patient be an unwilling one, and the notion that pleasure can be derived on both sides by the imposition of authority is inimical to it, (as is demonstrated by the following passage from Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Visited*, in which the homosexual aesthete Anthony Blanche describes his response to the menaces of a gang of drunken "hearties":

"Dear sweet clodhoppers, if you knew anything of sexual psychology you would know that nothing could give me keener pleasure than to be manhandled by you meaty boys. It would be an ecstasy of the very naughtiest kind..." [and d'you know, they all looked a little foolish at that?]¹²

Swinburne's opposition to authority, most particularly as represented by the Christian church, found sexual expression in sadomasochism precisely for this reason. The Church said to him "nay", and he found refuge, in word if never, so far as is known, in deed (there has never been any suggestion that Jack the Ripper was a red-head), in a passionate adherence to the Rabelaisian precept *Fay que ce vouldras*.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law, and for Swinburne, in imagination at least, it was. Elected in 1876 to a minor seat in his pantheon of heroes was a



Swinburne aged 65

Turkish official called Sadick Bey, who had taken the opportunity on his nation's invasion of Bulgaria, it was reported in the English press, to rape more than a hundred girls. To Swinburne, the rapes were a matter of envious hilarity, not reproach, and his enthusiasm was further heightened by the speculation that the locale, coupled with the first name of the official, which was suggestive of a reincarnation of the divine Marquis, pointed to only one form of violation as appropriate¹.

That the absolute sexual freedom of the official was predicated on pain and an absolute denial of the freedom of others did not trouble him. The Sadean response to the raising of this point is obvious, but Swinburne was never a conventional Sadean, just as he was never a conventional atheist, or indeed a conventional agnostic. His reaction to Christian morality was not negative but nihilistic: he opposed it absolutely, but had nothing to put in its place, not even the inversion of it proposed by de Sade. His opposition was instinctual rather than intellectual, like so much of his poetry.

In this light, perhaps, the supreme irony of his

ironic as logical. As of many rebels, it could be said that Swinburne did not oppose the *notion* of authority, but the *fact* of its imposition upon himself. His early poetic genius had been a weapon that could find no worthier target than the powerful, both in a literal and an abstract sense: the Church, the literary establishment, bourgeois morality itself. Once his name was made, and his genius dimmed by his alcoholism and encroaching shadows of premature middle age, he had in some way become part of the targets against which he had once fulminated.

His old erotic enthusiasms never left him - at least one biographer suggests that his massive output in old age of turgid "childhood" verse indicates that their number was swelled by the addition of paedophilia, but this may be regarded at worst (or at best, depending on your point of view) as "not proven" - but they had long since been translated from the realm of action into the realm of fantasy, and even here became an increasingly private indulgence.

Indeed, this form of sexual rebellion, particularly in the realm of fantasy, depended for its continued existence on the continued existence of the system he had once opposed. If the mores of Eton College were shaped by the religious and political establishment, then the desire for a photograph of its flogging block expressed by one of its ageing alumni can hardly have represented a wholehearted desire to see that establishment overthrown. Although he adopted it at least partly as a weapon against authority, in the end his sadomasochism may have contributed to the fervour with which he espoused reactionary ideals.

Yet, in the end, to demand consistency of Swinburne is futile: his life, like his poetry, was constant mostly in its inconstancy. The vividness of his appearance and behaviour once prompted an observer to compare him to a "scarlet macaw, quite unlike the drab English larks and

nightingales", and yet throughout his life he was beguiled by the themes of monotony and languor: thesis and antithesis that are nowhere better synthesized than in his own phrase "multitudinous monotone"². His sexual tastes were very decidedly the "red in tooth and claw" of Tennysonian Nature, yet the impression given to those who met him for the first time was often that of a "perfect little gentleman". Carried away by the recitation of his own poetry, he could bound and skip around the room to such an extent that the papers from which he was reading would fly from his hand "as in a gale"; at other times, he might fall asleep in the middle of conversation, a tiny figure perched on a heavy Victorian sofa "like a grasshopper folded up in its wing covers".

Discussing lesbianism in a shrill voice over brandy with the infamously polymathic Sir Richard Burton; reacting with blimpish indignation to the sexual explicitness of Zola; performing lewd embraces with a male friend for the appalled edification of diners in an expensive restaurant; puffing and head-patting across the perambulator-strewn spaces of Wimbledon Common to a daily pint of mild beer: Swinburne's life embraced all these contradictions and more. However, it is, perhaps, not that the principles by which he guided himself had no foundation, but that they were founded on nothingness: *ex nihilo nihil* - from nothing, nothing comes - cannot, in a sense, be applied to Swinburne, for it was of his nihilism that he crafted not only the fascinating paradoxes of his life, but also some of the most beautiful lines in the whole of English verse. Sex and rebellion mattered very much during his life, and drove much of his poetry; yet ultimately neither they, nor anything else, mattered at all.

*From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be,
That no life lives forever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.*

*Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.³*

Notes

1. *Anactoria*.

2. Colin Wilson [see bibliography] describes it as "...a huge aureole of red-gold...", and a contemporary of the poet's at Eton as "...unmistakable, unpoetic carrots".

3. *Dolores*.

4. A catalogue, with quotations, of a Victorian gentleman's voluminous collection of pornography.
5. *Viz, Sonnet for a Picture and Nephelidia*
6. For a fascinating, and highly persuasive, treatment of this topic, see the article listed in the bibliography under Ober, Williams B.
7. "Faustina, the wife of Antonius Pius, rendered herself infamous by her debaucheries...", *Lempiere's Classical Dictionary*: a critic would later condemn Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* for the abundant evidences the book offered of "...a mind all aflame with the feverish carnality of a schoolboy over the dirtiest passages in Lempiere...", and the dictionary can still be heartily recommended to anyone who prefers his prurience with a classical seasoning.
8. *A Song in the Time of Order*
9. Even this affliction was subsumed into his sadomasochism, however, for he claimed that it was the means by which a super-Sadean divine principle was torturing him for his opposition to it.
10. Fingers crossed.
11. *Dolores*: the virgin possessor of seven sorrows is the Virgin Mary.
12. Chapter 2; pg. 50 of the 1984 edition of the Penguin paperback.
13. What another devotee of this form of sex, Aleister Crowley, was wont to describe as intercourse *per vas nefandum* ("through the unspeakable vessel"); more bluntly, buggery, which word is derived from the Old French "bourg", meaning, ultimately, "Bulgarian".
14. *A multitudinous monotone, Of dust and flower and seed and stone*. Lns 121 & 122 of *On the Downs*.
15. The closing verses of *The Garden of Prosperine*.

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- Editions of Swinburne's poetry can still be picked up fairly easily in second-hand bookshops; unearthing his novels and plays is somewhat more problematical, and is probably best pursued at a University library.

Deadline for submissions HEADPRESS 7: 668 is mid-April 1993. Please do not forward original artwork or manuscripts, copies only.

Happiness In Autonomy

David E. Williams

On the set and behind the scenes of the controversial Nine Inch Nails video gore fest, *Happiness In Slavery*.

Darkly intense, though disconcertingly friendly, director



Jonathan Reiss is having a bit of a problem on the set of his short *Happiness In Slavery*. But the film he is concocting with Nine Inch Nails kingpin Trent Reznor is nothing if not carefully orchestrated mayhem. That fact doesn't seem lost on performance artist/actor Bob Flanagan, who lies strapped within the steel and leather confines of what appears to be a Nazi dentist's wet dream, the Chair - the film's brutally automated antagonist. Nude, save for some smears and chunks of special makeup posing as bloody bits of skin and flesh, Flanagan is the source of Reiss' discontent. Or at least a part of him is.

"The penis should be pointed down," Reiss explains clinically, circling the Chair and the makeup artists working on Flanagan. "Otherwise it would appear that he was erect, and that wouldn't be correct for this shot." Eyes searching for a pair of already "blood"-stained hands to perform his bidding, Reiss soon realizes that the supposedly unspeakable gore gurus aren't up to the task of repositioning the non-threatening extremity. Out of the shadows appears Flanagan's girlfriend, Sheree Rose, to



perform the dirty deed - much to the relief of the squeamish crew. Another near-disaster averted.

Hydraulic machinery has been the focus of Jonathan Reiss' artistic vision for most of the past decade, beginning in 1981, when he was first exposed to Survival Research Laboratories founder Mark Pauline's early mechanical creations. Then an assistant director at Target Video, a San Francisco production outfit specializing in capturing live punk shows, Reiss' countless hours in the editing room cutting images of Pauline's creaking, shrieking performance art obviously crossed some wires - fully activating Reiss' inherent interest in machine-driven imagery. Like *Tetsuo*'s bio-metallic protagonist, Reiss was infected by the technological obsessions of another. It wasn't his fault; but now it's his fate.

Flanagan, the most recent flesh-and-blood manifestation of this doom, twists in the Chair. His chest heaves spasmodically as he battles a coughing fit brought on by his cystic fibrosis. Fortunately, the actor's real-life obsession with confinement as sexual gratification uniquely qualifies him for the role - making the situation less a torture than a personal challenge. He would later relate the experience to an old 1930s cartoon he had seen as a child. Called *Pigs Is Pigs*, the toon featured an automated chair that force-fed its subject - and image that stayed with



Flanagan, brewing seductively in the back of his mind as an early influence on his S&M lifestyle.

Meanwhile, the makeup crew - still dabbing the actor with faux gore of gelatin, mashed banana and food colouring - promises Reiss that ten more minutes would ensure their works authenticity. The director relents. After documenting live SRL shows with combat photography techniques that often put his crew and collaborators in the midst of barely controllable, flame-belching, metal behemoths bent on destroying one another, Reiss appreciates the relative safety of "makeup effects" as opposed to bodily harm.

Within such provocatively titled video documents as *Virtues of Negative Fascination* and *The Will to Provoke*, Reiss helped capture not only the ear-splitting techno-fury orchestrated by the remote-control-carrying SRL overlords, but the actual dangers inherent to each show. Flying glass, razor-sharp shrapnel and black powder explosions are unpredictable elements. When prompted,



Reiss recalls one incident that scared even him. During a 1984 show at the On Broadway Theater, a whirling machine fell off the tiny stage and into the crowd. Weighing some 200 pounds and covered with a thick oily film, the contraption was immediately grabbed by enthusiastic members of the audience - whose hands were cut and torn on its ragged metal edges.

"What really scared me was that they picked the thing up off the ground and put it back on stage," Reiss says. "That thing was full of live, 220-volt juice - they would've been dead if they'd grabbed it in the wrong place."

The episode, which appears in the appropriately titled tape *A Scenic Harvest From the Kingdom of Pain*, displays SRL at its most intimately dangerous, fully implementing the group's desire to create objects that defy the barrier between spectator and event and initiate unexpected outcomes.

By contrast, nothing is being left to chance on the *Happiness In Slavery* set. The production crew tensely wanders about as Flanagan's gelatin/banana/food colouring evisceration is finalized. Most chatter quietly in small



groups, though others, perhaps unnerved by the sight of the man in the Chair, rehash ancient John Landis/*Twilight Zone* gossip. Someone mutters that they feel as if they are working on a snuff film. In an abstract sense, they are - making Reiss' calm professionalism and smiles seem even more curious.

A masochist's ultimate fantasy, *Slavery*'s premise offers a man consumed by ritualistic self-abuse, obsessed with the prospect of having a tormentor who will not listen to his cries for pity. The Chair is the result of this fantasy, constructed with spider-like arms wielding spinning blades, three-pronged pincers and gouging drills. Like some La-Z-Boy Terminator, it will not stop until it completes its task - one that Reiss' storyboards have outlined in graphic, black-and-white detail. Let's just say that this clash of flesh and steel has the expected outcome - times 10 - as servomotors beat out muscle and bone again.

Trent Reznor steals about the set, a camcorder in hand. Convinced of Reiss' vision after seeing his hypnotic short *A Bitter Message of Hopeless Grief* - in which an all-SRL machine cast cavorts within their own fantasy world - Reznor moves like a terminal déjà vu victim, recognizing elements of his own dark fantasies brought to life. "I'd just suggest that we see some more meaty chunks come out, like more of a stream," Reznor comments after watching a particularly gruesome effect, eliciting nervously ghoulish laughs from the crew.

The record company funding the film is probably better off thinking this is simply a music video. They didn't ask and Reznor/Reiss didn't tell them. But after the success of NIN's last album, they probably won't mind that this audiovisual assault may never make it to MTV. Like *Henry: Portrait of a Serial Killer*, the short is possibly doomed not by any single shot or scene, but its overall tone. And as Reiss would later mention in the editing room, there's nothing to cut to; palatable replacement footage simply wasn't shot. Nothing short of numerous travelling mattes and the judicious insertion of black leader will get this on television.

Reiss probably didn't expect to direct a film like this after amicably parting ways with SRL two years ago.

Since then, he has concentrated on a more mainstream film career, writing scripts and producing *Love Is Like That*, an excellent noir romantic feature directed by his wife, Jill Goldman. Eerily, though, the sight of Bob Flanagan's pale, white skin coupled with so much hideous metal recalls SRL honcho Mark Pauline's rumoured boast that he would mechanically reanimate a human corpse if it were legal. Obviously, Flanagan isn't dead, but it appears that Reiss has successfully realized a morbid event that Pauline can't - if only on film.

Def American Records distributes the SRL/Reiss video *The Will To Provok* and the SRL/Reiss/Gladjo production *The Pleasure of Uninhibited Excess* - which will arrive soon at a record store near you. *Happiness In Slavery* will probably appear on a NIN video compilation in the near future.

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RANT #4

**Okay, you *strange* fuckers...Kiss the floor
and hand over the hairdye now! Stop
posing and start loving the world, you
have only your *strangeness* to lose, right?**

Howard Lake

STRANGE gives value to the otherwise redundant concept called life. After all, when you think 'pon it, life *as was* is no longer valid - life used to be about survival, about maintaining ones health and strength enough to till the fields, scatter your DNA and keep the brats alive long enough so they could do the same...Yeh, now things are different and folks are trying to keep their seed to themselves these days; mysteries such as the 'mysteries' of childbirth and the 'joys' of parenthood are mysteries no more - nowadays yr average pre-teen can recommend you ten good abortion clinics and 69 good positions to help you get there. With God given a good kicking, this civilised society ain't nothing 'cept death, tho' we're working on that as an ongoing project...of which HEADPRESS is but an infinitesimal part, but then...

Nowadays our mysteries are less cosmic, closer to home, concerned with what selfish, self-centred, egomaniacal li'l ol' us' scattered hither and yon. The Big Picture can go screw; ain't no transcendence to be had in the neighbourhood, 'cept that which can be obtained courtesy your local Geezer What Does and even DRUGS are lacking in true warped WEIRDNESS, aren't they? The millionth joint you smoke doesn't do much different from the tenth, except give you uncomfortable thoughts on what life'd be like minus drugs. Speed CAN be strange, but only in the "How cum I get so horny, but my dick shrinks?" kinda strange. Smack, crack, fiery jack: all they tell us is that torpid oblivion is like...well...just like travelling tourists: you can go different places, on different airlines, meet different people, but you still bring home a bunch of tacky souvenirs that looked so GOOD while you were away.

STRANGE aren't the things we share. STRANGE

isn't drugs, or sex, or death, or politics. Strange is internal, personal. What's strange to him is cornflakes to her. Strange is a variant reflective of the person experiencing the strangeness.

To me, EVERY FUCK'N THING is strange. And that makes living completely 100% glorious. It's what stops you sticking your head under the bath water and keeping it there; it's what holds you back, looking out a 10th storey window and thinking "...well, I wonder..." I want to fill an Olympic swimming pool with STRANGE and spend a fortnight wallowing, swallowing the crud like a Hellfire regular, absorbing it by osmosis... Then I want to pull out the plug, re-fill the fucker and start all over again. I want STRANGE from the second I awake to the moment I pass out. I want STRANGE for breakfast, lunch and dinner. I want to NOT SLEEP so's I can spend more time with as much strangeness as I can grasp. Because I know.

'Cause I know that when nothing's strange, when nothing fascinates, when nothing has me gaping like JFK's head: 22/11/63, then I might as well step in front of a bus and DO IT for the hell of it. Everyone has a reason and that's mine, sir. But for now I'm sticking to what I know best; Im sticking with this dream in which home's here, where leprous chancres blotted across society give me a little SHUDDER deep down THERE...(you know where...). Every time I see a RADION ad, I get that tingly feeling, don't you? Here's SOME philosophy: shirts so white ALL your troubles'll take a hike! Transubstantiation thru detergent! And with a straight face, too. It's these insignificant acts of blatant full-on WEIRDNESS that we accept as part and parcel of life that confirm that most wonderful of theories: the world is MAD.



Not just a little mad, either. Not mad as in "Time we got Gran down to the knackers yard." mad...but truly FUCKED IN THE HEAD, warped, psychotic kinda mad. 'Kay, so RADION is but a small part, but extrapolate from that example, carry it along in a smooth linear fashion and in next to no time you've reached the Wild Wild World of Politics, where the husk of what we trust and believe in acts crazier'n a bunch of KKK at the premiere of *X*. This where things lose their strangeness and become just plain sick, lies, so transparent a fuck'n EMBRYO could see thru 'em, passed off as shining truth; corruption, perversion onna scale the HEADPRESS gang could only wet-dream about, flung about, flung in yr face like confetti at a Moonie wedding-fest. Nothing as ROTTEN as this can possess an iota of GENUINE strangeness; the rancid pool of cum any politico willingly sinks his dick in curdled long ago - the stench near cauterizes the sinuses. That's what I meant 'bout sex; that's something that's gone mighty OFF just lately - piercing your dick sure is strange to the 2.4 Pod People next door, but is it strange to you?

You don't find strange, strange finds you. There's you and the level you will STOOP (© NOTW) to gratify your BIZARRE DESIRES (© everyone else), but you don't go looking for it, as in: "This week it's coprophagia; next week I'll get my dick tattooed". I mean, that'll get you what you need, if what you need is to alleviate some hellish life of beat-out-yr-brain tedium in Dead End New Town UK. It's a start, as in: "Here, Mabel, who is that STRANGE young man with the Nick Zedd scowl and the stack of COIL LPs under his arm?" strange. Off-the-peg strangeness is all well and good - many a middle-class bad-complexion teen has sought refuge from hand-shandies and zit-popping through acquiring 'strangeness'...trouble is, they end up doing nothing more interesting than footing Robert Smith's lipstick bills - but a common strangeness

eventually becomes normal (see: Robert Smith). Everything has its moment of strangeness, from fire to space travel to E's...but fire is now only interesting when arson or TV warfare is involved; space travel only when Challenger won the 'Best Fireworks in Florida' award and E's sole fascination for me these days is meeting some cortex-frazzled fuckup and chatting with their 'voices'. Fifty years from now we could be down the CLUB NEKRO for some Friday nite kicks. So you gotta let strange come on to you, rather than getting all dressed up sexy and making a fool of yourself. Absorb it like a sponge absorbs water. But of course, sponges reach saturation point and you have to let some of it go now and again, just lose some of the junk...who knows? Memories, beliefs, ambitions. You don't need it ALL, do you? Maybe you do.

Absorbing strangeness is so easy a child could do it (but then, maybe we're ALL children, MAAAN!) - in fact, kids are born strange, their worldview completely surreal, horrific and bizarre...but parents and schooling is designed to flatten THAT shit out: only the strong survive. In a way, the seeker of knowledge and tranquility through the strange must be receptive in a very infantile way. It is imperative the brain stay as clear as possible by such 'normal' distractions as one's job, or the bills need paying. Here, drugs can help, though nothing heavy... You're trying to get INTO it, not OUT of it, right? Then, with a mind that's open and devoid of bigotry, just let the planet get on in there. TV is a decent primer, then, of course, any kind of media. But TV is the place to start. Again, ABSORB. Watch, say, *Challenge Aneka* with the mind freed of the cynicism usually felt. Avoid the temptation to curse, holler and fantasise gruesome fates for the host. Relax, view the show as it should be viewed - as a wholesome, compassionate, heartwarming example of media humanity, the power of TV to perform wonders beyond we mortals' scope. Something like 15 million Britons watch regular - they can't ALL think like you can they? Uh-huh, THINK about it: 15m - some who might live NEXT DOOR to you



- watch *Challenge Aneka* without a twitch of anger or despair. Even thinking optimistically, that leaves 14 million weird and STRANGE people out there.

Which is very PATRONIZING, isn't it? Looking down yr nose is something all of us just GROOVE on, right? Well, just remember the person you're looking down on's probably doing the same as you. If you want an analogy, think how dogs despise cats and vice versa. Civilisation is schizo and each personality hates the other with a vengeance; the repressed, anal bible-wanking side of us detests the fucked-up, oral, hedonistic side and vice versa. Cats and dogs: you work it out. But keep watching the tube while yr at it, sniff for information, because INFORMATION is the key, INPUT. Widen the net as far as you can or you'll become strange in an unhealthy, though not uninteresting, way. The STRANGE guy in the park, juggling his pebbles thru a hole in his anorak is that way because of having only a limited information input; a fixation on one particular source...and I know you lot: I've SEEN the state of YOUR sheets. Keep them channels open 24 hours if you can; you could miss something of value...like *Catchphrase*'s Roy Walker and those serial-killer eyes; like McDonalds or Coca-Cola ads - corporate colonialism at its most brazen and unashamed...and chillingly beautiful too; like the bizarre tryst between the media and Michael Jackson organisation - an old one this: just HOW DOES this freak with an unhealthy interest in children manage to claim HALF the programme/promo space of the #1 music billboard in the land? Why this media reverence of the fucked-up one? The Jackson thing really confuses me: insignificant, huh? Something more SUBLIMINAL, I'd venture to suggest...but then that's me: bit of a WEIRDO y'know?

Which could well bring us to a gnarly spot. For some reason - maybe we'll get to them inna second - strange is associated with, well, UNWHOLESOMENESS. For the majority of us, this unwholesomeness is the great attraction. Natch, most folks these days are neurotic, emotionally-retarded, reactive fuckups with some kinda parental hangup or some such. In the perceived degradation of the strange, there may be sought some self-justification. Hey, but at least we're EXPRESSING ourselves, right? As Chuckie told Tex re Sharon's sprog: better out than in, yeh? Getting in deep and poking around in the gizzards of contemporary existence is as legit an activity as merchant bank fraud - gives you the same amount of heart disease anyway. 'Course, you're not being a WORTHWHILE and VALUABLE member of society, are you? Nothing but feckless SCUM - all merchant bankers are guilty of is depleting the economy, perverting the course of justice, illegal business practises...but at least the taxes they do pay are worth SOMETHING, unlike you fuckups, whose dissipated lifestyle contributes arse-all. That's why they don't like you; that's why immersing yourself in all this EVIL (© *The Observer*) makes you unwelcome at the Society Hilton. They just don't understand, do they? Just don't understand the mechanics of strangeness - all the shit

that floats around the sewers of the modern mind - shit from past, present and future; psychotic interludes; far-out freakish fantasies that somehow...BOTHER you; sex so bad you want to KILL; secrets you guard with a dogged zeal lest they slip out and the shame finishes you; the frustrated ANGER at a world that promises everything and delivers nothing; the feeling, experienced ten times daily, that you might as well just...

Those that deny the strange, who say there still exists something called NORMAL, they forget a few basic truths. Like the fact that new horrors are born EVERY



DAY in this world; terrors that were never dreamed of 50, 40 years ago are now commonplace. War can't scare us now. Why should it when you can go to New York and experience the thrill first hand? Then, two lovers fucking had nothing to fear than a faulty condom and maybe the syph. Now...well, YOU know. And blame the HEALTH NAZIS, too - preaching their gospel on every street corner - DON'T...IT'LL KILL YOU; DON'T...IT'LL KILL YOU; DON'T...IT'LL KILL YOU. Phobias new piling up with each passing day and there's some dumbfuck 'commentator' bewildered by the rising crime rate, divorce rate, hate rate, kill rate, wondering where HUMANITY got to. And humanity exists, still, a lot of it residing in the stranger zones of society, folk who've sussed the con of morality, religion, control; folks interpreting the media differently, creating a relationship with the Media God ON THEIR OWN TERMS. Which some would deem strange, abnormal, little realising that embracing the strange is as valid a survival technique than seeking validity through some yuppie materialist wet dream schtick.

Makes me wonder if the strange is some kinda THREAT. But, y'know me: conspiracy theories and paranoia while watching *Rainbow*, that's me. There's no true threat, but the strange is still disturbing to the smooth tarmac of convention, a patch of hardcore the leveler missed. Sometimes it requires smoothing over. 'Normal' media, while feeding on the strange, insist that it be interpreted on their terms, too. Little value may be conceded to extremes: its needs must be marginalised or in some way de-valued.

Pick up the *Sport*, *Weekly World News* or any other tabloid in August - the strange is the realm of morons, nothing any right-minded, worthwhile, INTELLIGENT member of society wastes much time over; the strange is the realm of the befuddled, cranky, USELESS members of society. Witness David Icke, UFO buffs, Loch Ness theorists, wheeled out from time to time to pour encourager les autres: hold unconventional beliefs and we'll rip the piss out of you so bad it'll HURT. Or worse, we'll brand you outlaws, put a price on your head and you'll have no right of reply. We'll distort, abuse, misrepresent your lifestyles, opinions and work. You will be deemed persona non grata by society. You will be EVIL. Know what I'm saying? Eh, Genesis P.? And some others who'll know 'bout it pretty damn soon...that *NOTW* exclusive's getting closer.

You know this but let's say it anyhow: society exists on these tacit understandings made by the media on

the collective behalf. Society doesn't know what it wants, but the media does...and if the media does then so do those who make statutes and laws. And Lo! It has been decided that society DON'T want these weirdo icky things cluttering up the neat 'n' tidy B&Q, Savacentre, Deregulated TV, CD world they worked so hard to build. I mean, why the HELL would someone want to watch a porn film when there's *Basic Instinct* playing down at the Multiplex; WHY get off yr head on drugs when you can drink 12 pints down the pub AND contribute to the Exchequer while yr at it? No, *Court TV* will NOT tell you the cheesy details you want to know, this is a LEGAL show - you SICK or something? All of 'em the result of this understanding of what is not considered SUITABLE for you to read, to view, to think. Trouble is, these days, the world is getting stranger than would be liked by those with a vested interest in normality, getting UNPLEASANTLY strange for their taste. Thus, the Bush campaign pumps FAMILY VALUES, oblivious to the fact of the USA's astronomical teenage pregnancy/death/divorce rate, refusing to compromise these dead 'values' just 'cause REAL LIFE is acting a tad...STRANGER than they'd wish. They'll learn eventually...about 50 years too late, when the psychosis has developed too far and it's all gone into irreversible collapse.

Time to give REALITY the finger, I think...
Here's to STRANGE DAYS, fuckers!

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The Final Answer..?

an interview with arthur tomlinson

David Kerekes

Arthur Tomlinson B.Sc. is 59 years old. He was educated at Stand Grammar school and then at Manchester University, where, in 1954, he obtained a degree in R.E.M.E. as a Radar Mechanic. On leaving R.E.M.E. he joined Metrovicks as a graduate apprentice in the computer department and, five years later, became a Chartered Electrical Engineer (C.ENG., M.I.E.E.). After 11 years at A.E.I. (Metrovicks), he joined Ferranti as a Senior Design Engineer in the computer department, where he remained until taking early retirement in 1989.

Arthur Tomlinson now gives public and private lectures under the name ARTOM PRESENTATIONS. These consist of a slide show, video selections and a talk on either of the following subjects: *Unidentified Flying Objects, Astronomy, Crop Circles, Optical Illusions and Simulacra, Megaliths and Stone Circles, Ancient Places, and the Paranormal*. His vast databank consists of over 700 books, over 2500 slides and 80 documentary videos.

Arthur himself has had two significant sightings of UFOs. One in broad daylight in a clear blue sky, when, at 6.50am, he saw a tube-shaped craft which had clearly-defined, but irregular-shaped golden glows along it. The other occasion was at 1.30am, when he and a friend were driving home after playing Bridge. They saw a bright stationary object 20 feet above the railway line near Besses station, in Whitefield, Manchester. The object remained stationary until they approached it, then it shot off towards Yorkshire.

Arthur has had some strange experiences. In 1967, he spoke to an alien being and was shown almost instant

healing of a large electrical burn on the hand. More recently, he has been preparing a paper challenging the very foundations of science as we know it. He is co-author of a new book, *UFOs The Final Answer?* which "not only solves the UFO mystery, but also solves the mystery of Life as well".

This is his story.

HEADPRESS: When did you begin ARTOM and the presentations?

ARTHUR TOMLINSON: As a business, about three years ago. But I've been doing public and private lectures for the past 20 years on a hobby basis.

That's quite a diverse range of topics you cover there.



Anonymous comment found in public library book

Which are you personally more interested in?

Well, it's not a question of being more interested; it's complete encyclopedic knowledge.

You received a positive reaction at the UFO presentation I attended. Is that always the case?

Oh, yes. I've had several letters since that particular lecture. I just got one this morning.

I believe you debunk Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

That's right, yeah.

Can you tell me a bit more about that?

Oh, that's very complex. I've just sent 30 pages down to Cardiff University, to a friend of mine who's a lecturer there, explaining why Relativity is all nonsense. He's read through it, wrote me back, and said he can't disagree with any of it and he's passing it on to his physics department.

Sir Isaac Newton reigns supreme and Albert Einstein's a load of nonsense.

How did you come to challenge Einstein's theory?

I'd first heard of Einstein's ideas - of time slowing down when you get near the speed of light, and mass increasing with velocity and whatnot - in science fiction stories, which makes for fascinating reading... science fiction stories. Of course, I believed it all then, but didn't know why time slowed down or mass increased or length contracted (the Lorentz-Fitzgerald contraction) and it was when I got to the age of about 35... up to then you're thinking to yourself "Ooh, Relativity, it's way beyond me". And basically it's

a load of tripe.

There's Special Relativity and there's General Relativity. Now, I don't quarrel with the second one, it's just Special Relativity I oppose. So, at the age of 35, I thought "Hey, just a minute, this business of mass increasing and time slowing down, it defies common sense". I decided then to look into Relativity and try to understand it for myself, as to why these things appear to be so.

It all started off with a thing called the Michelson-Morley experiment, which was an experiment in 1887 to try and discover a medium through which electromagnetic waves travel the ether. I looked into that experiment. I was introduced to it by a chap at work who had a PhD in Physics - who, of course, believed Relativity - and I was arguing with him. He showed me the theory of this experiment; we wrote it together out on paper and I swallowed it, hook, line and sinker. I thought "Well, it must be right!" Then, about a year later, I thought "Nah, there's something wrong here; common sense tells me there's something wrong with that experiment". So, I looked at it again... and I found the most simple error you could imagine. If you will, the calculations are like pieces of a jigsaw, and you find that when you do each one separately - which is what they do in the textbooks - there's no error. Unfortunately, this right-hand piece won't fit into the other three, and that's the error. The thing that's wrong with the Michelson-Morley experiment all boils down to simple reflection from a mirror; the experiment doesn't obey the laws of reflection. Which, needless to say, completely explodes the whole thing and the meaning behind it.

Then I looked into increasing mass and found errors in that, simple errors. One of the tricks to try and prove mass increase is, you start off with energy, now, there are equations involving kinetic energy, in particular

IS IT TRUE THAT AN ALIEN BEING WAS A "GUEST" OF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT FOR 3 YEARS? IS HE STILL ON EARTH TODAY?

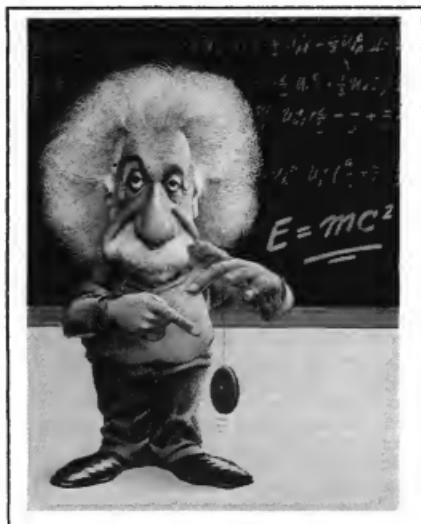
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VISITOR FROM THE STARS WHO...**

- HAD NO FINGERPRINTS
- COULD READ MINDS
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- HEAL THE SICK



**A Real Life
"DAY THE EARTH
STOOD STILL"**





Albert Einstein

there's an example in Frenchie's book - the M.I.T. standard textbook on Special Relativity¹ - that I've gone through with a fine tooth comb. Now, he starts off to prove this mass increase in velocity from a kinetic energy equation, and he writes the energy in mathematical form as "E". The subtle point about it is he carries on and begins mixing in potential energy into this equation, which has no business to be there because it's a purely kinetic energy equation. He's easily done that because he's not put the suffix at the bottom of the capital E: E_v. He just writes E for Energy and slips up by not distinguishing between potential energy and kinetic energy.

They're all idiots. It's a fairy tale.

The majority of scientists are working on fundamentally incorrect data, then?

No, it's not the majority. There's a great many scientists who now no longer believe Relativity. In fact, Professor Dingle of London University taught Relativity for 20 years and suddenly one day, like me, he thought to himself, "There's something silly here" and as a result, spotted the errors and wrote a book called *Science at the Crossroads* in which he explodes Relativity.

The best book on Relativity, though, is Rudakov's *Fiction: Stranger than Truth*, in which he slices Einstein to pieces with the skill of a surgeon, piece by piece.

So, Einstein failing his maths exam at school is probably

more appropriate than we imagine!

Exactly. Well, in fact, it wasn't him who did the maths; his wife was the mathematician. The problem is, he's a brilliant bloke, but, like all very brilliant blokes he tends not to have any common sense. That seems to be a failing of very, very clever people: they've gone beyond common sense. Stephen Hawking is another one. He's totally wrong.

Hawking seems to have held a lot of sway recently.

Oh, I know. But, there's no such thing as Black Holes for instance. It's a silly idea. There's a book here that's just come out which is excellent, *The Big Bang Never Happened*, about the origins of the universe. Absolutely superb. It explodes the idea of quasars and what quasars are. Superb.

How do these theories take prominence, then?

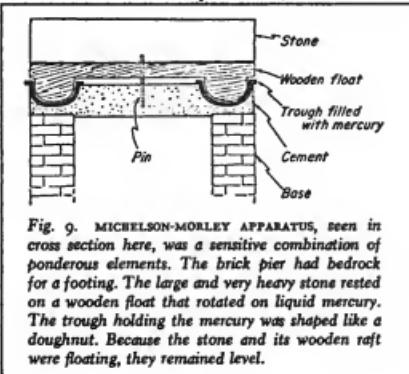


Fig. 9. MICHELSON-MORLEY APPARATUS, seen in cross section here, was a sensitive combination of ponderous elements. The brick pier had bedrock for a footing. The large and very heavy stone rested on a wooden float that rotated on liquid mercury. The trough holding the mercury was shaped like a doughnut. Because the stone and its wooden raft were floating, they remained level.

It's like sheep. Somebody has an idea, somebody else says "Oh, that's a good idea". Before you know it, they're all following one another. Here's a simple mistake to make... [With this, Mr Tomlinson takes pen and paper and jots down a couple of equations, all to do with Relativity and high-speed particles accelerating, infinite forces and errors] ...now what this means is: these two equations both describe the same experiment, but they mean something totally different, physically. That's a simple mistake you can make by not looking at alternatives. I've sent these down to Cardiff, and I'm going down there soon to give them a lecture. 80 graduates and professors of physics.

I take it they don't look kindly upon somebody who's telling them they're doing it wrong!

(Laughs) Some of them do, some of them don't.

What do you think it is scientists are seeing when they describe a Black Hole in space?

Well, the effects they're seeing are not caused by a Black Hole. It's a plasma universe...you can read that book, it's superb: *The Big Bang Never Happened*, by Eric J. Lerner, Simon & Schuster. Superb. The universe has no beginning and no end, it carries on forever. People in mathematics can dream up all sorts of mathematical ideas, but the problem is that these people take maths to the limits. See, what happens is there is a limit point in the mathematical equation, but you never get to that limit in practice because there are things that stop you going beyond a certain barrier. And, in fact, a Black Hole can never form. You can derive the idea of a Black Hole using mathematical equations, but you can never get to that point in practice. It's like a star collapsing: mathematics will tell you that a star can go right down to a zero diameter, a singularity. But, in reality, it can't do that because, when the star gets down to a certain size, the molecules and the atoms - each has their own size - are all pressing against one another. You can't collapse it any more than that. So, the maths does not apply beyond that certain point.

Rather than gravity reigning supreme in the universe, it's electromagnetics. Huge currents, trillions of amps, flowing down the arms of the galaxies. Magnetic fields are the real controllers of the universe.

You briefly mentioned Cattle Mutilations in your last ARTOM lecture.

There have been thousands of cattle mutilated all over the world, certain organs being cut cleanly out. And there's never any blood left in the animal; it's all disappeared. Now, the device which appears to be doing this is a laser, a high-tech hand-held laser - hand-held because you can't cart a laser out of a lab and operate it in the open: it's a huge thing that takes 20 minutes to set up and works off the mains. As far as we know, there are no hand-held lasers. Apparently, it's some other technology doing it...and UFOs have been seen in the vicinity of such mutilations.

Why do you think that cattle are being singled out for mutilation?

Some other animals have been mutilated, but the difference between cattle is their gene structure is very similar to a human being's gene structure. Which may have something to do with it.

Presumably then, this 'other technology' has a moral understanding, inasmuch as they don't take human beings for convenience sake and mutilate them?

Ah, well, there are stories about the odd human being... You're presupposing that these are aliens that are doing this. You'd have to see all the evidence for yourself. I can't rigidly say what is doing this, but it does seem a high-tech thing...if it was some government, for example, conducting such experiments and cutting our organs, they could have their own herd; they wouldn't go out, thousands of miles apart, picking up the odd cow. This is a random sampling of material.

Tests have shown that heat of up to 300 degrees has been used to cut these cattle. Some have had their vaginal and anal areas removed, wombs removed, eyes removed from their sockets, flesh completely stripped from their neck up... Just recently, there's been a whole pile of seals and seagulls found mutilated in the Orkneys. Grampian Television know all about that.



What is this theory you have of the earth creating UFOs?

That's only one theory. What I know definitely is that these craft exist...because I have seen them. I also know that green aliens - 'little green men' - exist because of this photograph taken on Ilkley Moor... [Mr Tomlinson takes from a folder a colour photo enlargement: In the picture it is daylight. In the distance is a hill; in the foreground are clods of grass, dirt, a slight path. Mid-distance can be seen a figure moving with its back to the camera. The figure is the same shade of green as the surrounding vegetation, humanoid in form, and appears to be naked. Unnaturally long arms gives it a rather squat appearance. More later.] ...There's no fake in that. That's a definite alien.

The trouble with them coming from another world is...well, they don't come from any planet in this solar system, put it that way: Venus is too hot, 800 degrees centigrade; Jupiter is made up of methane and ammonia and has a huge gravity, nobody could live there. And it's worse as you go further out: It's nearly absolute zero at Pluto. So, these aliens have got to come a many light years to get to the earth. How the hell anybody does that I just don't know. I mean it's alright saying their technology is 10,000 years ahead of ours, but you can't get around the energy problem there would be of travelling 32 light years to get here. But, you can't say. They might have some way of doing it. These aliens could be extraterrestrials or,

alternatively, they could be a self-protection mechanism generated by the earth itself against us - to try and stop us polluting the planet. Abductees get warned about how we're polluting things and whatnot. That's one possibility.

Are you suggesting that maybe the earth is creating a 'phantom'?

No, I think it can generate actual real things. Physical things.

I ask that because some people have already put forward theories that UFOs come from within the earth.

No, the earth is solid inside; you can't get anything coming from within the earth. The average density of the earth is 5.5 grammes per CC, and the density of the outer layers is such that the inner layers have got to be very dense. There can't be any hollows there. I don't really think there's any... well, you never know... civilisations inside the earth. You *could* get hollows there, but not very big ones because that would show up in the measurement of the density of the earth.

Still, if these aliens were coming from another galaxy, it might prove a bit of a problem without Einstein's Theory of Relativity.

With Einstein's theory (laughs)!

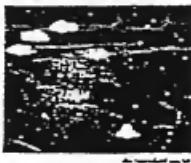
What of your own encounter with aliens?

I didn't actually meet them, I talked to them through a woman: a witch. It was called Myserak [My spelling - D.K.J.]. The whole thing started over the phone; I'd given a talk to a psychic research group in Manchester, in the Milton Hall, January 1967, and I received a telephone call the next night at ten past twelve, saying "I have a sighting for you in the Rochdale/Oldham direction". And this witch offered to help identify some photos for me - which photos were genuine and which were false. I went along with it, thinking it was one of these people I'd given a talk to, but I wasn't really paying all that much attention until it began to get quite serious. It developed into a contact. I saw instant healing of a 4 inch burn. This Myserak claimed to be one of the people in these craft and told me the craft worked by taking electricity from the earth's atmosphere.

All this was over the phone?

That was, yeah. We met the woman eventually whom

UFO... George Adamski THE MAN ON EARTH



Myserak was using to channel his voice, the vocal chords. The woman died and nothing further happened for four or five years, and then we contacted this Myserak again through my daughter. We had my daughter under hypnosis and contacted Myserak again, and he admitted he had been using the vocal chords of this witch. So, it is a separate entity. Somewhere.

Where does the 4 inch burn come into it?

That was on the witch's hand. She got a burn from an electrical switch at Manchester University, where her husband worked. She was switching the electricity off and it flashed back at her and burned her hand. She had a four inch burn from here to here [from wrist towards elbow], which I and my wife saw. The next day, her skin was perfect. Absolutely perfect. She told me that Kolchek - the man from another planet - had given her some pink ointment to put on it. I can't vouch for that because obviously I don't know, but I did see the burn and I saw her perfect skin the next morning.

There are many cases of healing by UFOs. There are also several cases of malicious pranks by UFOs, like the two border guards in South America who were chased around by a beam from a flying saucer which burnt them.

I seem to recall a book in the '70s, Flying Saucers are Hostile, by-

Brad Steiger. Yeah, I've got that.

Remember Gerry Anderson's TV series, UFO? The reason that particular book sticks in my mind is because in one episode of UFO, some guy in his apartment gets into a scuffle with an alien being and stuff gets knocked to the floor, including - quite clearly - a copy of Flying Saucers are Hostile. For years I thought that was a dummy book...

It's possible that programmes like *UFO* and films like *ET* are being made as part of an education process for the public: To gradually introduce the public to the idea of aliens and to avoid a culture shock. I mean, the people who

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put the programme on are not conscious that that is what's happening. What happens is that somebody from high-up suggests something, and someone else down-the-line says, "That sounds good, we'll write a play on that", and it gets encouraged. There's no direct involvement by the higher authorities, it's just a suggestion that takes seed.

SHOCKING DISCLOSURES

- ✓ The U.S. Has Made a Secret Deal With Aliens From Space.
- ✓ ETs Have Set Up Underground Bases In Caverns Beneath The Earth.
- ✓ Space Beings Are Abducting Humans For Weird Experiments With The Complete Knowledge Of The Government.
- ✓ John Kennedy Was Assassinated Because He Was About To Tell The World About This Great Conspiracy.
- ✓ Russia & U.S. Join Forces To Safeguard Earth.

UFO did depict aliens as hostile, though.

Yes, but not in Steven Spielberg's *ET*.

You seem to have a hard-line against Catholicism.

The Bible is just a history book, literally. It's all true, every bit of it is true, but it's been misinterpreted as mystical phenomenon, when, in fact, what it is is an advanced technology. The thing that came down on mount Sinai was a craft that gave Moses the Ten Commandments. There was a fence set around and the people were warned not to touch it. It was an electrified fence. When Moses came down from the mountain, he was all shiny, his face was all shiny because he had been in some radiation field².

What of Adam and Eve, do you think that they are a part of natural history?

What I think has happened is: evolution took place, but mankind was not an evolutionary product. What we are is a modification of an ape; a hybrid. But, it wasn't a natural thing. The ape was modified by these superior beings, at the right stage.

A leg-up in evolution?

It wasn't evolution as such; it was a genetic experiment. The genes of this ape were altered to make as mankind. You can read all this in Sitchin's books called *The Earth Chronicles*. There are five volumes. They are absolutely superb. He can read ancient Sumerian - one of the few people who can - and he's translated all of the tablets. It's all there. It tells you about the Nephilim who came down to earth and there was a Garden of Eden, but they wanted somebody to tend it, so they invented this man Adam: the

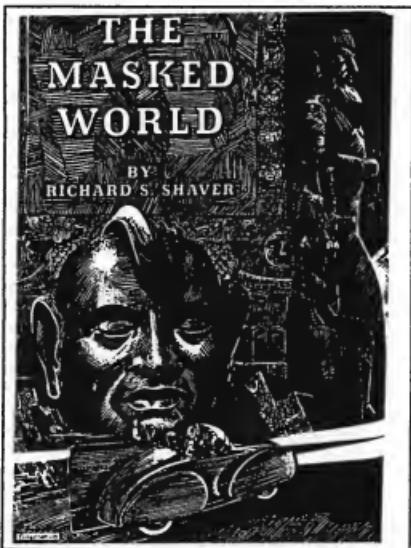
Adamites. You see, the problem with evolution - the thing that damns it really - is that things are supposed to change from one thing to another to advance, but, you never find any fossils of any of the intermediate states. All you find are fossils of each specific thing; there are no intermediate fossils anywhere.

How do look upon things like stigmata?

That's a mechanism of the body, of the individual. I mean, your mind is quite powerful, it can do anything. The body is under the control of the mind, it can do things like that if it believes strongly enough. I don't believe in illness, you see, because I think your mind can control your body. It's only when you become under stress and you allow your body to take over that things affect you.

Which would explain healing at Lourdes...

Well, I've got another theory about Lourdes. You have to go into the Shaver mystery now, which is an underground race - highly technical, many years in advance of us - and they made fantastic machines. And it's said, according to Shaver, there are still these people underground but they've degenerated, and their machines are still under there too, and some of these machines were designed to heal. One way of putting it, just briefly, is that underneath Lourdes there are some of these machines, but they've not been maintained so they don't always work. That's why some people get cured and some people don't.



Shaver wrote a series of stories in 1944 for *Amazing Stories*, the pulp magazine⁴, claiming they were true: the early history of mankind and whatnot. (The stories were later reprinted as a five volume set, *The Hidden World*.) Whether you believe any of that, I don't know, but it's fantastic stuff. You know it could explain healing - if it's from a machine that has not been maintained.

This machine creates holograms as well, so if you see the Virgin Mary, it's a hologram. I was talking to a woman about a month ago. We went down to see her in Stafford. She was brought up as a Roman Catholic, but she threw the Church out at the age of 13; she was too intelligent, thought it was all a load of bumpf. One day, for some strange reason, she got the urge to go to mount Medjugorje, which is a famous place where people see visions. She was speaking to a priest at the bottom of the mountain, and was told of a legend that if you leave your rosary beads at the top, they turn to gold. Despite the fact this woman had given up the Church, she still had her rosary beads. She said to herself, "I'm not leaving my rosary beads behind, that's a load of nonsense". Anyway, she climbed up the mountain, got two-thirds of the way up or so and thought for a moment, "What the hell am I doing here? I'm not religious anymore; I'm not a radiant beauty, radiating religious energy or anything".

"No, you're not," she heard a voice saying. "You're an old battleaxe. Nevertheless, old battleaxes are just as good at combating evil." And she looked up and saw this female figure...which Catholics would say was Our Lady. She didn't believe that, so she asked it who it was.

"I am Ghia, the soul of the earth, and mankind is polluting the planet and it has to stop. You have ripped open my sky...The churches and the priests are distorting the truth."

Then she saw two men, whom she took to be Peter and Paul, representing the two churches. The figure told her a lot of things - that Islam is a false religion - and

gave her a quest to go to Lichfield Cathedral [in Birmingham] and open up some hidden wells there, because they have special healing properties. Then the woman came down the mountain, and the two priests at the bottom said, "Oh, you've left your rosary beads up there after all?" "No," she said, "they're here in my pocket." She reached into her pocket and they weren't there. So, the priests gave her a new set, which she showed us, and they smelled of roses - some 14 years later. Anyway, she went to Lichfield Cathedral, met the vicar there who told her, "As a matter of fact, we've just found some wells and opened them up".

Were the rosary beads gold?

The ones that she showed us had a sort of golden cast.

A photo was taken as recently as September 1991, of a UFO over Medjugorje. The lady in Stafford says that this thing has been seen many times, and appears just before the visions.

Von Daniken wrote a book called, Miracles of the Gods.

Well, Von Daniken wasn't a scientist. He tended to get the wrong evidence mixed up with bits of the right evidence. Of course, then, people jumped on him. Dismissed him, throwing the baby out with the bath water.

Since his first book, Chariots of the Gods, Von Daniken appears to have been dismissed. Do you think there is any credibility to anything he has to say?

Yes, but not a lot of it. Not a lot of it. If you want the real truth you read Sitchin's books, *The Earth Chronicles*.

You made an appearance on the TV chat show, Clive Anderson Talks Back.

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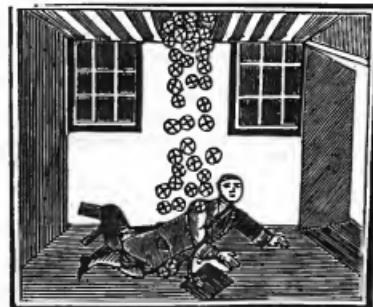
That was a mickey-taking programme. He is a bit fatuous. I only went to get the money (laughs)!

Good pay?

I got £300. For ten minutes. He edited some of it out; I was a bit uncomplimentary to him and he edited that bit out. Mind you, Anderson's alright himself, I think it's the audience more than him who tend to get a bit hysterical and are told to laugh at certain points, irrespective of what you're saying.

What do you think of publications like Fortean Times?

I've got quite a few of those. Charles Fort was the first chap really to bring to the attention of the world strange phenomenon. He wrote four books: *Lo!*, *The Book of the Damned* - which are facts damned by orthodox science - *Wild Talents* - all about ESP and that type of thing - and *New Lands* - about things seen in the sky. I've got all



those. He actually died the day I was born; I might be a reincarnation of him. 1932 he died. Fascinating books, but he was a bit of a tongue-in-cheek type; he used to cock-a-snoot at science. But interesting reading.

A typical Forteanism would be things falling out of the sky; raining cats and dogs...

We're talking about maybe other dimensions here. I'm not a fan of other dimensions, but I might have to accept them. Things falling out of another dimension.

Parallel to our own?

Yes, but what the hell that means I don't know; It's no use trying to explain what another dimension is. A classic case is 'The Devil's Footprints' in Devon: Hoofmarks were seen in the snow, going on for miles, one after another. Not side by side. It went over the housetops as well, and across the River Exe. All sorts of weird happenings. There's never

any explanation for those.

Looking at the roster for the ARTOM lecture on the paranormal, I must ask, what's an 'Oopart'?

Ooparts? Out Of Place Parts. These are things found in tertiary coalbeds. Technological things like nails and little trinkets. The tertiary age, 200 millions years ago when the coal was laid down. Things that shouldn't be there. Little gold trinkets found inside lumps of coal, that kind of thing. There's been a sparkplug-type thing found in limestone. These have all been laid down hundreds of millions of years ago, and yet these things are inside. Out of place parts.

Why do you think that is?

Teleportation, or, somebody technological was around at the time and dropped them. Maybe visitors from another planet dropped the odd trinket or two and they got sucked into the coalbeds. There's no denying the fact that they're there, I've got photographs of them.

What do you think of time travel?

Impossible. Impossible. There's no such thing as time. Time doesn't exist. There is no such thing.

Some people would say that time is the fourth dimension.

They would, but it isn't. Time does not exist. I've explained that in these 30 pages on their way to Cardiff. I mean, where is it? Where is time? You can't show it to me, and you can't travel through something that doesn't exist. The only things that exist are things that you can observe - not necessarily see, there is a difference between seeing and observing. For instance, you can observe space but you can't see it. You can observe it by placing two markers like so [Mr Tomlinson holds up two pencils at about 12 inches apart]... there's space inbetween; you can't see it but you know there is space there. You can mark it; a distance in space. So, that exists; a physical object in space also exists, and movement exists. That's all that exists.

So, in effect, time is a concept that we've manufactured.

Yeah. It's a manufactured concept. A convenient concept. It doesn't exist in itself, so you can't travel through it.

The finger of that clock is going at one twenty-fourth the speed of the earth; As the earth goes round its axis once, that clock finger goes through twenty-four hours. It's a distance of that finger compared to one rotation of the earth. Time doesn't come into it. It's just a reference to the earth's rotation. That applies to atomic clocks as well: they're just oscillations, movement through space. There is time, just a mathematical equation for convenience.



Arthur Tomlinson in position where creature was photographed



Showing the depth and size of crater where craft was resting

Or, as Myserak said to me, "Earth intelligence channelling away from the truth". I know it sort of wrenches you a bit, but when you think about it it's right. You have to get back to basics, you see. Don't believe anything anybody tells you; you have to work it out for yourself.

How would you describe the ageing process?

Everything is just movement. It's possible that the ageing process is due to cosmic rays damaging our cells, stopping them from reproducing - reproducing without fault - so that they die.

As the conversation draws to its close, I am shown the library of Mr Tomlinson and the mountains of literature appertaining to all facets of the strange, weird and wonderful, including many rare first edition titles. He plays for me a video cassette from the United States, of interviews with farm-working UFO abductees and graphic scenes of cattle mutilation carnage. When his cat wanders in, he introduces me and engages in a somewhat oblique

small talk with the feline. Then, attention falls again to the Ilkley Moor photograph and the little green man. The photo was actually taken by a gentleman who wishes anonymity (whom we'll refer to here as John Dixon), but is a story close to Mr Tomlinson...

At around 7.15, on the morning of December 1st, 1987, on one of his regular treks across the moors towards East Morton, John Dixon, out of the corner of his eye, spots something moving.

"Hey!" he calls out to a little green figure. But the figure ambles away, apparently waving Dixon off as it goes. Dixon swings his camera round and takes a snap of the creature before making after it.

The green man is fast. It rounds an outcropping and out of sight. Dixon follows, but, instead of the green man, comes face to face with a "large object just like two silver saucers stuck together edge to edge". The saucer thing rumbles, then shoots straight up into the sky. Shaken, John Dixon leaves the moors and returns to Ilkley. Except that it is now 10 o'clock - over two and a half hours having elapsed in a round-trip that couldn't possibly

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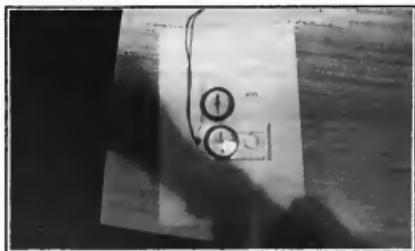
WHO ARE THE
UFO SILENCERS

Introduction by Haunted Planet author, John A. Keel

THE MYSTERIOUS MEN-IN-BLACK?



Peter Hough (L) and witness.



Witness's compass (bottom) showing reversal of polarity compared to normal compass (top)

have taken more than an hour. He remembers the film in his camera and takes it to be developed. Some days later, he decides to contact Arthur Tomlinson who, with flying saucer enthusiast, Steve Balon, go up into the moors to the spot where the sighting took place.

On January 3rd, Tomlinson and Balon pay a return visit to Ilkley, only this time with chairman of the Manchester UFO Research Association, Peter Hough. The three men question John Dixon at length. The photograph is examined by experts, who can find no physical signs of tampering. Furthermore, a compass John was carrying that day, is now mysteriously reversed in its polarity.

Dixon is persuaded to undergo hypnosis in an attempt to recount the lost time of that December morning. The session takes place in the home of Arthur Tomlinson, March 16. Also present are Balon, Hough, student journalist Matthew Hill, and Dr Jim Singleton, a clinical psychologist.

Jim Singleton puts the subject under. He relates a tale of fantastic proportions, one in which he is strolling on the moors when approached by a little green figure. Dixon is rooted to the spot, and afraid. He is levitated and led, floating off the ground, by the figure to a silver saucer craft. Once in the craft, he is taken to a room and is 'experimented' upon. Through a window he sees the planet Earth, distant, in space. Upon a wall in the room, 'films' are played: one film is of mass destruction, the other, of a personal nature ("a secret" Dixon later tells the others). The craft returns him to the moor, and the green figure takes him to the spot of their initial encounter. Dixon shouts "Hey!" and snaps a picture, before running after the creature.

I ask permission to reproduce the Ilkley Moor photograph here. Unfortunately, copyright politic prevents us from doing so...

TOMLINSON: He [Dixon] gave the copyright to Peter Hough. He's got the copyright on it now.

Funny thing is, two men called on Dixon after he phoned me, and said to him, "We believe you've had a UFO experience". They claimed to be from the Ministry of

Defence, asking him questions similar to what we had already asked him. They finished by saying, "We believe you've taken a photograph. Where is it?" "It's with a friend." And they left it at that. The names of the men were Forrester and Davis. They just left him then. They were there about an hour. I find it extraordinary that these men should ask "We believe you've taken a photograph", and settle for a "Yes, but it's with a friend" and leave it at that.

How did the MOD get in on it?

I don't know; my phone must be tapped. I mean, that's the only place where they could have got this guy's address. He's incommunicado with me now. He won't answer my letters, nothing. Hough's got his talons on him. The Japanese came over and did a television programme about the encounter, but he won't talk to me. I sent him two letters to get some information on what the ID cards were like that the Ministry of Defence men showed him - where were the photographs situated on the cards, what type of lettering was on them, etc - to see if they were genuine MOD ID. Dixon doesn't want any publicity as such, but the other guy made a lot of money out of it. I showed the photograph on the Clive Anderson show, and they had to get permission off Hough. He wanted to charge them £200 to show it, but they knocked him down to a hundred - £100 just to show a photograph on television! It's criminal.

Maybe the MOD think you're a threat?

You'd better ask them that (laughs)! There was a 16 year old girl in Bolton who saw two orange lights in the sky, about 200 yards from her home at 6 o'clock at night. She said they came towards her, then noticed it was a craft. It stopped above the roof of her house, covering the entire roof. There was a high-pitch whine, a very high frequency which damaged all the metal fillings in her teeth. The girl had her teeth repaired, but we don't know where she had them repaired because her dentist said he never saw her. We got a letter from him stating so. Somebody repaired her

teeth, and we think that she was taken in the craft and got them repaired there. No earthly dentist did it. I mention that because two MOD people visited her as well. The interesting thing was they mentioned to her that they knew about me, that I was meddling in things that didn't concern me. I had already been to see her before them, you see. "Oh, we know Mr Tomlinson", they said...

Notes

1. "If light is a wave form, then it seemed to most scientists, up to the beginning of the twentieth century, that something must be waving..." Issac Asimov, *Understanding Physics Vol. 2*

In the days before Relativity, popular theory held that ether was the 'waving' medium through which light was transmitted (and possibly the substance through which the force of gravity was transmitted), an extremely rarefied gas - or whatever - that filled the vacuum of space. With the result of the Michelson-Morley experiment, which concluded that no such ether exists, Newton's laws of motion and the whole picture of the universe was turned upside down.

2. *An Introduction to Quantum Physics*, A.P. French & E.F. Taylor.

3. "And thou shalt set bounds unto the people round about, saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death."

EXODUS 19:12

"And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the LORD descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly."

EXODUS 19:18

"And when Aaron and all the children of Israel saw Moses, behold, the skin of his face shone; and they were afraid to come nigh him."

EXODUS 34:30

4. Richard S. Shaver, following a letter to Ray Palmer editor of *Amazing Stories*, in 1943, described his experiences with a mysterious race. He referred to them as "Deros" (short for 'detrimental robots'), from beneath the earth, descendants of the Atlanteans and the Lemurians who, in turn, were descended from a race of extraterrestrials. They were, wrote Shaver, terrorizing him. They and their machines were also responsible for just about everything bad that ever happened on earth, from rail crashes to the kidnapping of women for perverted sexual gratification. Fortunately for mankind, there was a small number of "Teros" ('integrated robots') left underground, beneficial to mankind and at constant loggerheads with the malevolent Deros.

Palmer continued to print Shaver's theories in *Amazing Stories*, right up until June of 1947, when the magazine's publisher called a halt after complaints from more conservative readers. But Palmer held fast his faith in Shaver, and published the man's work whenever

opportunity arose...even going as far as to putting out eight book-length issues of a magazine called *The Hidden World* (1961-1963), devoted entirely to Shaver.

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The Earth Chronicles

Five books, consisting of:

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2. *The Stairway to Heaven*

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RAPID EYE

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FROM HELL

sex, crimes & videotape

Steve Green

Picture this. It's Saturday night, and you've just retired to bed/sofa/wardrobe with the sexual partner of your choice (or partners; shit, I'm told it's a free country), when one of you receives a playful slap on the behind. Within seconds, axe-wielding police officers smash their way through the front door and all involved are swiftly removed to the nearest cop shop on assault charges.

Surreal? Certainly. Unlikely? Perhaps. Impossible? Sadly not, particularly if one of you is foolish enough to record the event on a camcorder.

Join me now on a voyage into the Twilight Zone...

The principle of consent lies at the heart of English Law on sex; even after penetration, a woman retains the right to withdraw consent (I specify women, since English Law does not recognise male rape *per se*, much as Queen Victoria's disbelief in lesbianism excluded it from the statutes). However, the Obscene Publications Squad's Operation Spanner and the subsequent prosecution of sixteen adults under the Offences Against the Person Act 1861 (five of whom currently face custodial sentences of up to two years) effectively rewrites law with the pen of Lewis Carroll. If the verdicts are upheld by the House of Lords (its judgement should have been delivered by the time you read this), it will now be possible to "aid and abet" your own assault, even when no complaint has been lodged with the Police, no medical treatment was required and the activities occurred behind closed doors.

The fundamental absurdity of the Spanner Case was highlighted by the prosecution's inability to proceed without the defendant's unwitting cooperation. Indeed, the entire operation hinged on the fluke seizure in 1987 of four home-made video cassettes (allowing the prosecution to claim that the acts had entered "the public domain"), one of which included footage of a penis being cut; within two years, approximately one hundred homosexuals and bisexuals had been interviewed by the Squad, of which

forty-two would be arrested and the core sixteen eventually dragged into the Old Bailey in November 1990.

It's illuminating at this juncture to examine certain of the key players in what quickly revealed itself as a sexual show trial. The Squad's current chief, Superintendent Michael Hames, is strongly associated with Mary Whitehouse's National Viewers' and Listeners' Association and has reportedly attended NVALA fringe meetings at the past seven Conservative Party conferences; his force's self-perceived guardianship of public morality is more than a little ironic, considering that Hames' predecessor, Leslie Bennett, was forced to quit after being photographed in drag. Judge James Rant's refusal to allow mutual consent as a defence and the sneering attitude towards "individual liberty" exhibited during his summing-up laid the foundations of his decision to set sentences more severe than many handed down to rapists, refuting his claim that the case was "not a witch hunt against homosexuals". And at appeal, Lord Lane demonstrated the grasp of justice which condemned the Birmingham Six and Guilford Four



to further wasted years behind bars when he dredged up first an obscure 1934 case involving assault "for the purposes of sexual gratification", then a 1980 appeal by two youths who suffered minor injuries after agreeing to fight each other, in order to support his contention that "satisfying of sado-masochistic libido does not come within the category of good reason".

Even the choice of legal arena implies a hidden agenda. By charging the sixteen defendants with conspiracy to corrupt public morals, the Prosecution forced the case into the Old Bailey, allowing the aptly-named Rant to set a legal precedent; as soon as the trial began, the conspiracy charges were dropped. Meanwhile, Rant rejected claims that consensual sado-masochistic acts in private were defensible under the Sexual Offences Act 1967, extinguishing the defendants' final ray of hope; from that point onwards, their conviction was inevitable.

That judgement throws into question the legality of virtually every sexual act, though it's doubtful that the

decision by Hames and his officers to pursue a group of homosexual and bisexual men is entirely irrelevant; incipient homophobia has, after all, long been a facet of the British culture, a trait amplified by the tabloids' "gay plague" hysteria over AIDS. Whilst it's fair to say that many would be shocked, even appalled by the activities which gave these men pleasure (one cassette in the Squad's possession apparently includes film of a nail being inserted into a penis, branding with wire heated by a blow-lamp and penises being nailed to wooden boards), this cannot in itself justify their persecution. If consent is deemed inconsequential, all physical contact is potentially assault, all penetrative sex potentially rape, if genital mutilation is an act of violence, will body-piercers like Patrick Bartholomew and Teena Maree (already forbidden by law to use their skills for "gratification") be forced underground like the backstreet abortionists of the 1950s? And if all actions which place the participant's health at risk become illegal, what future for tobacco and alcohol consumption?

Okay, so maybe I'm exaggerating to emphasise my disquiet, and on a personal level I've yet to reconcile my anger at the Spanner verdicts with my contempt for "sports" like boxing, but this remains a very dangerous direction to take; and as Mao Tse-tung used to opine, every great journey begins with one small step. By now, the Law Lords have probably taken that first step, and it will be up to us not only to prevent a second, but to ensure the law at last reflects the undercurrent of sexual glasnost which is finally forcing this country out of the nineteenth century.

To quote Kellan Farshea, founder of the pressure group Countdown on Spanner: "If we control nothing else in this society, surely we control our own bodies?"

Countdown on Spanner...



...is a campaign set up by SMers and their supporters to raise awareness of the criminalisation of SM sex by the judiciary. Campaign meetings are held every Sunday, from 7.30pm, at Central Station, Wharfside Rd, London N1. Nearest tube: Kings Cross. Everybody welcome!

Bibliography

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Saturday 28 November 1992 saw the world's first SM Pride March. It departed from Temple Station, London, at approximately 2pm, marched past the Law Courts in the Strand and up Kingsway to the University of London Union (ULU).

For those wishing more information on the campaign, pledging support or donations, contact: Countdown on Spanner, 69 Cowcross Street, London, EC1M 6BP.

Campaign Badges...



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Music... death of guitar

P D Condon

Greetings, pop sodomisers. I've been having a think lately about what it is that people seem to like about music, and you know they always seem to be talking about the bands as if they're just so weird and cool, they're just far out you know...

All the kids are getting into this grrreat scene. It's kinda wacky, yet really so cool and it goes with your natural desire to continually refer back to the '60s and '70s too! In which case why the fuck do most of these "far out" people sound like a mediocre steady drizzle of indistinguishable fuzzed-out guitars and asinine '60s "culture" references? What is this garbage about pumping yourself full of drugs and writing easy-to-digest soundbites about it? Jim Morrison: fucked-up talentless junky. Velvet Underground: art fags who never, ever, wrote a piece of music I could even attempt to listen to as I always fell asleep before the clever bit. Bob Dylan: whiney smartarse. I expect you're horrified about my lack of cultural training? [We're really having to bite our tongues on that one, P.C. - Eds.] Well, I've spent 12 years following up as wide as possible a taste in music as I could, and next to some of the things I've heard 99% of all bands that have the gall to write songs using guitars are actually negligible, painfully uninteresting, in fact rather squalid and embarrassing. All those scuzzy subhumanoid Sub Pop bland-outs and, like, really rebellious all-girl groups and drug-soaked crusty Jethro Tull wannabe bands would be so many sheep to the slaughter except there's no need because they don't actually show any signs of cranial activity anyway so it would be a waste of energy to physically obliterate them. Bollocks. You could have music depicting the dying electromagnetic scream of the outermost stars of the universe, or erotically satisfying your innermost secret emotional needs, but you stick to - electronic guitars. So if you really are so bloody hung up about them I suggest you stick to stadium rock, because that's what most people like, so it *must* be best, right? And

also even that particularly vile form of musical expression never has the overbloated humourless pretentiousness to claim to be, like, really trendy, maaaan...

So what do the charts have in store for us this week? Well, those feral funsters LUSTMORD have a couple of dead groovy swingin' CDs out (and a merry "Piss Off!" to all CD-hating luddites too, while I'm at it). *Heresy* (Soleilmoon SOL 9 CD) continues a long historical line of finding sense in the darkness, of respecting and paying homage to your enemy - the dark side (how else could a light shine if not for the darkness?). Lustmord have dug deep in the mines of Kali and found a potent magmas and undercurrents that could shake your psychic foundations. All *Heresy*'s 62 grinding and groaning minutes feature seismic recordings of churning land masses. Lustmord



Sub Pop's The Dwarves. A lame excuse...

draw a parallel between the fear of psychic collapse and the fear that the ground could lose its stability, and here it feels like all civilisation could collapse into hell. It's common for occultural musicians to use "special" sources and frequencies to produce "subliminal" effects. This is pure laziness, a facile waste of time that takes no account of psychoacoustics - ie. what's actually going on in the listener's ears/brain/mind during listening. But Lustmord have the happy knack of at least some of the time managing to preserve the feel and context of their sinister sources and indeed synergetically adding them to produce genuinely disturbing music.

On starting up the disc, the gloom descends immediately. Lava churns (thigh bone?), horns scream atavistic rebellion against creation, metal bars hum seductively, their glowering drone tempting you to explore

even further on into the darkness, where suddenly you hear inhuman screeching... By now the temperature in the room seems to have dropped a few degrees, but something keeps you listening although you don't really want to. Eventually strange flickering landscapes start to surface from the subconscious, demonic twisting shapes melting into the background, shuddering massively, slowly turning a diabolic dance. After this, you reach for your kid sister's Kylie LP, just to clear the air! Be warned, this turns heads faster than a nude Kim Bassinger in Sainsbury's. Be prepared too for after-effects like a whining in the ears which, due to the addition effect produced by the brain, seems to come from the middle of the head. This alone is unnerving. But it's good to hear some genuinely powerful music for a change, and no doubt this is a scream at parties. Meanwhile, Lustmord's latest recording *The Monstrous Soul* (Side Effects CD DFX 014) is a somewhat more varied affair, even though it still squelches when you touch it. The black star of this CD is 'Primordial Atom', 26 minutes of serenely ruined panic-induced majesty that'll make you *feel* like you were never born. It sounds old beyond oldness and has a sleek blackness at its heart that is beautiful but warped. Time here becomes that slow broiling stew into decay that rots everything from the inside. So black it's almost white. Except instead it's dark, dark copper brown. I only say brown because these are sounds from the rear of the Tree of Life, that wacky (pop-pickers) cabalistic 'filing system' of the universe devised by some mystical geezers or other a long time ago. Magicians agree that it's got 10 emanations, with pathways linking them all. Apparently this is terribly important if you're into magick. But the main point is that there's meant to be a false emanation, Däath, that leads into the sewage pipes and service ducts, waste disposal, etc, "round the back". Whereas the godforms connected with the real Tree of Life tend to be majestic and powerful beings, those round the back are more likely to be (cue Vic Reeves voice) HEEEEUUUGGE maggots or red bleeding things. Personally I think you're a bit of a tit if you believe such jiggery-pokery but there's an interesting thing here. Däath means 'knowledge'. How could nice, tidy, rational thought be connected to such warped filth? Because thought, "about" things, is self-reflexive. It can feed back on itself, creating a kaleidoscope of logically self-consistent ideas that completely cuts us off from the direct perception of things-as-they-are and replaces them with a lot of deadwood. It can be very useful and powerful deadwood - eg. scientific progress - but it doesn't actually help the human condition one iota. Once isolated from this disease of consciousness masquerading as our real selves, our very own instincts start to seem monstrous, alien, evil. No wonder that once the "Age of Reason" started up the insane were herded away as mentally "unclean" beings, even being kept in asylums with their own water supply to keep them well away from nice, thoughtful, rational society. But bollocks to this tedious theorising - *The Monstrous Soul* is of insane beauty and it's thrillingly,

consummately NEGATIVE. Much of it features veritably anus-prolapsing bass and it'll give you shivers in places you may not have even realised you had. You'll really *hear* the pulse of huge twisted Lovecraftian arteries and movie buffs will have fun spotting the various bits from *The Wicker Man* and other assorted sinister soundtracks. I have a problem with those though - it seems as if they're being used to enhance the mood of the piece, and that's too obvious by bloody half if you ask me. Still, there's a nice sense of humour in here too (the best grimness always has a chuckle in it somewhere). But if you feel like you might need a wash after this, you could do worse than soak yourself in the refreshing baptismal font of LYCIA's CD *Ionia* (Projekt CD Pro 37). This could be the most lusciously dark aural fuck you ever have. And it's got guitars in it!!! Who said I wasn't open-minded? A black flame of gothic passion (that's real gothic - nothing to do with the fishnet stockings or spiky dyed black hair, by the way). And remember kids, er...

Those seeking Lycia's Ionia CD with little or no success may try writing to the author c/o PO Box 1471, London, N5 2LY.

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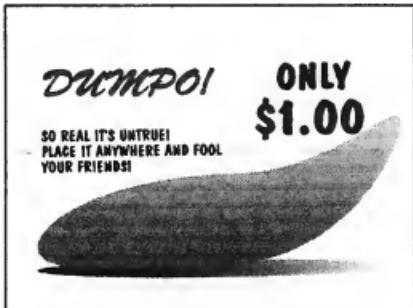
Baby Boo-Boo's Chocolate LOG

Wheeler McTeague

Turds - love 'em or hate 'em, you can't do without 'em... Consider that next time you're poised over your bucket & boards outhouse, attempting to squeeze out a recalcitrant jewel.. Turds is a vice no one will own up to but everyone loves to indulge (hell, *wallow*) in... Obviously other people's turds are a slightly different matter - there's little that causes more instant nausea than the sight and/or smell of some other bozo's spoor. But I can't imagine there are many people who wouldn't admit to having regularly inspected the crown jewels of others too, I'll wager... In fact, that's probably one of the earliest tales of poop I recall - the one about swallowing a marble/ball-bearing/whatever and having your furious dad poke through your offerings until the object emerges... Everyone you know has some sort of apocryphal turd story (or ought to have, if they claim not to they're LYING), though prising these lyrical episodes out of them can be as difficult as obtaining the actual matter itself in some cases. It's amazing how tight-assed some people are - you'd think they'd never had to squat down behind the bushes and use a Wonderloaf wrapper (made of wax paper if you can't remember them) to 'clean up'... Who hasn't, at some point in their life, gone into the confessional at a party and found the most colossal log they'd ever seen jammed in the U-bend? And who hasn't then tried to flush the fucker away, only to have the whole pot erupt over the sides? It's even better if you've just thrown up into it or if you're tripping - try figuring out what to do next *then*... On one occasion I actually had to stagger out to vomit over someone's balcony into the yard below because I knew *exactly* what would happen if I tried to pull the chain on the monster glaring out at me... When we moved house recently one of the workmen left something like one of the worms from *Dune* in our shitter and my genius 'wife' then proceeded to add about twenty pounds of baby poo before attempting to flush it all away. Finally, we had to employ a dodgy villain with a portable phone and a plumber's friend who sloshed it all around a bit and charged us £30... Thirty fucking quid!

You'd think the son of a bitch would suck it out through a straw for that much! I've got his mobile phone number if anybody needs it...

Another of those 'vestigial memories' is of discovering poo in various peculiar places, places that aren't quite right - when you're a kid exploring some old building there's bound to be a giant turd lying around, just waiting to be discovered, never actually in a disused crapper but *always right next to it* or in the doorway or on the fucking roof or something. At school we used to skive off at lunchtime for a crafty cigarette (or fag as they were called in more liberal times...) in an abandoned egg warehouse, and you could bet there would be a new turd to greet us. AND THIS WAS NOT DOG DOODY, BOYO... Who was creeping in there at the weekend and doing that shit? Ditto for the disused cricket hut we used to hang around in... When I was about four or five my father used to take us up a mountain which had a few old railway carriages on the slope (how the fuck do those things get there? You must have seen them - I think they



fall from the sky) and there was one particular freight car that always contained an evacuation. What obscene impulse drives a person up a mountain to get in an ancient freight car and dump his/her load? I bet if you climb the north face of the Eiger some loser would have managed to leave their signature in a three-inch-deep crevice right next to your piton...

At school there was always some dumb fuck who'd eaten a whole box of figs at morning break and had a few 'problems' later on, but I remember at junior school there was a weird, slightly retarded kid who looked like the box illustration for *Being Different* but was actually pretty bright at some stuff. One day he managed not to make it to the toilet in time and lurched back into the classroom, underpants in the air, saying "Miss, I've had an accident" He wasn't around for too long after that. Things get worse as you get older though. A friend who got dysentery in India then insisted on going back the following year (maybe Kraft-Ebbing's right and these clods are masochists...) and consequently managed to not only shit

on the platform in Bombay central while waiting for a train, but then in his pants, on the street, when returning some videos after coming home... Years earlier, me and this character had almost laughed 'til we puked while reading about a fuck-up who'd shoved so many dildos up his ass that he had to wear a nappy full time...

In the notes I made before I got, um, 'sick' it says "turd in passageway" but I damned if I know what I was referring to - if anyone with access to my past can tell me I'd be extremely grateful...

A person I once knew (I hesitate to say 'friend' though that was probably the case at the time...) claimed that shit didn't really stink, it was only the gasses escaping from it that caused the stench. What a psycho! How about baby poo then? Any of you lucky enough to be parents will have experienced the boundless delights of dealing with the unbearable green slime that the little darlings eject for the first many months of their lives... (Or is it just mine that do it?) To make matters worse, when you finally get their nappies undone and finish gagging they start to kick and scramble about madly, inevitably stomping both feet into the morass and squidging it about like some faggot Californian in a mud bath... And never mind the fact they start to jerk off at the age of about six months, once they start to produce solid poop they have to examine their leavings in even more detail than I do mine, yelling "Pooh!" and nodding wisely like fucking Solomon on judgement day... Where all this gets us is that a turd that doesn't bob happily beneath the surface of a crapper stinks even worse than you could imagine, and if you're still dumb enough to believe it's only the gasses then try spreading one evenly over a low fat crispbread and inhale deeply... (there's a good scene in *The Last Emperor* where some geek is employed to sniff the turds of toddler Pu Yi and decide what the following day's diet should be...) In *Sexual Anomalies and Perversions* (1938) Hirschfeld comes out with a stone classic:

Babies and young children not only display the liveliest interest in the process of excretion and products thereof, but frequently also a tendency to put these products in their mouths. In all these manipulations pleasure is a distinct feature. But even at a later age children who are deprived of proper supervision display a bent for picking up all sorts of filth, both at home and in the street, and putting it in their mouths. Such children have an urge to gaze at the nauseous excreta of other people, dog's faces, etc. They also eat the mucus discharge from their own noses and carry out all sorts of anal manipulations on themselves and others.

Of course they do.

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Hey, you know how sentimental parents keep their brat's first lock of hair or tooth or whatever, well here's a novel twist: I've been reliably informed (by an editor of this mag no less) that one of their family friends always kept their children's first solid turd and these things reside mummified, in a plastic tub somewhere on mamma's mantelpiece. (One of the 'lads' at the hospital where I worked was shagging a widow who kept her husband's ashes on her bedside table - he claimed he used to fixate on them while on the job - whatever would Kraft-Ebbing have made of that?) And while on the subject of the hospital, I recall one occasion where all the porters and kitchen staff were dragged unceremoniously up to the 'Rec Room' by one of the administrators, who was not a happy man. A folding table had been set out in the middle of the room fully laid with cloth, cutlery, wine bottle and wine glass (guess what was in the wine glass...), vase and plastic rose - all the trimmings... And on the plate (not strictly true - it was too large to fit and protruded over the edges) was the Biggest Turd Of All Time. The administrator was sputtering with rage as he lined us up to admire it. We all shook our heads and wrung our hands in sympathetic shock then scuttled off to the rest room for a fucking good laugh. It was generally agreed that there was only one person capable of its production, Mr J, the ape-like cook who 'always' tossed his wad in the custard (or was it the mushy peas) and who 'always' sodomised people in their sleep. Anyway, gorilla-features was outraged and named the real culprit, Mr P, a skinny medium-sized chap who didn't look like he had that much intestine in him, let alone extrusion... It's actually quite misleading to believe that skinny folk have less guano in them - my cousin's husband is a physically very similar type to the heroic Mr P, whose job allowed him to cultivate an impressive alcohol problem for a while. One of those people who shouldn't drink more than half a pint a week, he therefore got totally pissed every night as his *pièce de résistance* was to come home and leave a kingsized offering in the bathroom sink! I've always considered this a splendid, truly inspired effort, a flight from the crushing despair of everyday 'reality' into a world of fantasy and magic... I mean, what possesses a

grown man to take his trousers off, climb into/onto (it's never been established how he performed this act - my cousin was too sissy to ask...) a *bathroom sink* and lay an egg...Weeping mother of the sacred baby Jesu!

My (dead) grandmother had a colostomy which sort of fascinated me, being one of those things my mother and relations would talk about in hushed tones but which was never fully explained to me. Well, one day I was lying on the floor by the fire reading a copy of *Famous Monsters* when, God strike me down with his warty dork if I'm lying, an actual lump of dump fell from the sky onto my hand, bounced off and rolled across the floor. My mother said, "I think you've dropped something, mother." to my gran, who stooped down, picked it up and plonked it onto the fire, where it sat for some time before being consumed. I guess I was fairly amazed. There was also (literally) a stinking Scott's git at school who supposedly had a colostomy and, so the story went, even though he knew the jerk's affliction, one of the PE teachers forced him to do the high jump, which obviously occasioned the spectacular explosion of the colostomy bag...Of course 'everyone' knew this story was 'God's honest truth'...

All things considered, I feel there are a bunch of perversions that would cause all those chroniclers of the classic 'taunts' to turn in their graves, not the least of which is the growth of the turd fixationist - a 'movement' very poorly catalogued by established experts like Stekel, Hirschfeld and Krafft-Ebbing and totally ignored in all those 60s pot-boilers like *Deviations of Sexual Behaviour, Sexual Taboos - And You!* ("The book that dares to explain what others would not!"), *The Sex Jungle* and so on. In fact, these tomes devote millions of words to 'the homosexual problem' and 'the nightmare of lesbianism' (diseases likely to affect YOUR children TODAY!) but doodly squat to the practitioners of catharsis through crud. Strange, eh? Probably the only writer to thoroughly catalogue the possibilities of a good bowel movement is De Sade, which leads one to that problematic area (so often encountered by coprophiles) of as to what extent art mirrors life. Well, some Dave or other probably knows more about that than a man of the people like old Wheezer,

so we'll leave that for another column...

Though I've always felt that Krafft-Ebbing, like Wertham, McCarthy, Whitehouse and many others, was a pernicious lunk whose 'research' did more to retard contemporary 'thinking' than advance it, let's nevertheless see what some of the 'experts' who selflessly devoted their lives to delving into the depravities of countless depravities have to say...*Psychopathia Sexualis* itself really only touches on turd-obsessives as part of a rant on masochism ("Disgusting Acts for the Purpose of Self-Humiliation and Sexual Gratification...") mentioning a couple of religious nuts ("The beautified Marie Alacque licked up with her tongue the excrement of sick people to 'mortify' herself, and sucked their festering toes."), some random wee-wee guzzlers and a few turd fruitcakes (shit heads?), including a supposedly famous case of a libertine who fed his mistress exclusively on marzipan then had her drop her bomb in his mouth...He goes on "A Brazilian physician tells me of several cases of defecation of a woman into the mouth of a man...Such cases occur everywhere, and are not at all infrequent." That's a relief. Good old Hirschfeld has more to add:

Dr. X, a well known young man about town, spends a great deal of money on women...Dr. X carries with him a tiny saucer and spoon made of pure gold. He makes a girl relieve herself onto this saucer and eats the fresh faeces with the spoon. I heard of a similar case recently: it concerns a man who sometimes locks up his wife for several days, gives her only certain types of food to eat, and then consumes her faeces.

Outside of De Sade poop freaks are always masochists and the lowest of the low...Stekel devotes only a couple of paragraphs of Chapter XVI (*Analysis of a Masochist*) in *Sadism and Masochism - The Psychology of Hatred and Cruelty* Vol Two to 'Anal fantasies' and 'Coprophilic thinking' and one can happily skip them in favour of his lengthy discourse on 'Cannibalism, Necrophilia and Vampirism'...But I digress...Such books are not so accessible these days, so potential poop fanciers might be better off seeking out the movies that deal directly with dump love - *Salo*'s obvious and probably the most rewarding, *Pink Flamingos* has a decent turd-in-a-box birthday present scene and the over-rated dog dirt sequence, *Mondo Magic* has abou as much sacred cow shit as a person could possibly desire, and *Mongolitos* is the last word in trashy poopsploration. And if anyone has any titles they think I missed DON'T BOTHER writing in to tell me - I HATE movies and I hate YOU too...

"A coprophage calls for a plate, shits on it and eats the shit, exclaiming 'Mmmmmmm, that's my rich substance'" (William Burroughs, *The Naked Lunch*.)

Thankyou and goodnight..

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EMETIC OVERLOAD

AN INTERVIEW WITH DAMON BARR

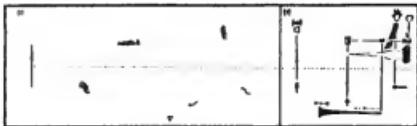
David Slater

Damon Barr is another constituent of that rare breed of British underground movie makers. To date he has produced three impressive shorts: *First Document*, *Catharsis*, and *Archive Emetica*. Working in collaboration with regular partner Marie Anne Ferral they produce works that assault the viewer with rapid staccato images at the expense of any narrative. Filmed in gritty black and white and honed with a suitably worrying noise soundtrack *First Document* is a bleak montage of sex and death. Images overlap and diffuse into each other, figures copulate, scalpels unseal torsos and maggots writh in

abundance. Void of any effects *Catharsis* documents the traumatic aftermath of rape as interpreted by one-time victim Rachel. Using brush and paint she details the experience and its destructive invasion of happy-family/happy-home.

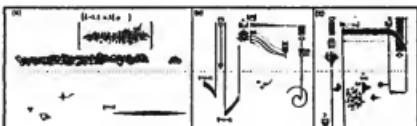
Just completed is *Archive Emetica* a spectacular display of fetishism, projectile vomiting and lurid, almost cannibalistic, sex. Combining colour and black and white photography with a score from Geek Show Theatrics and grisly animation from Marie Anne Ferral *Archive* is a disturbing ride through the sexual psyche.



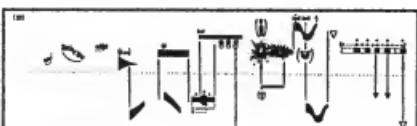


HEADPRESS: Before becoming a filmmaker you were involved with music. Tell us something about that.

DAMON BARR: I really got into writing, recording and performing music on a Fine Art course in Coventry, '86-'89. It was all very much experimental noise stuff that ranged from live electronic works to multi-tape installations to unlistenable solo vocal pieces - lots of shouting, screaming, hissing etc. Since much of the work was largely

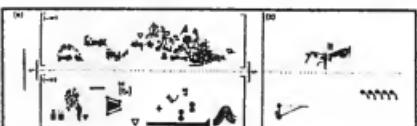


reliant on a live environmental situation for its impact - eg positioning numerous loudspeakers all around and above the audience - I didn't concern myself too much with making decent recordings of these performances. In any case, I still have all the scores and backing types that would enable the pieces to be performed again. Most of the recorded material I have consists of soundtracks I've worked on for other people's films.



Are there any specific inspirations?

My musical influences are wide, ranging from avant-garde classical work by the likes of Cage, Berio, Penderecki, Reich to bands like Throbbing Gristle, Coil, The Fall, early '80s Cabaret Voltaire to the soundtracks of films like *Eraserhead* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. The last two are pretty obvious if you've seen *First Document*.



So has any of this music been commercially available?

No, not yet, though it's certainly something I would like to do. A soundtrack single to accompany a future film project would be very nice...think I might be on to a bit of a loser with this project though!!

When did you progress into filmmaking?

I did a fair amount of filming while still at college but most of this was intended purely as documentation of work in other mediums such as the sound performances. There was, however, one 16mm film that I spent several months working on but never actually completed. The main reason being that I'd edited it so heavily that it would no longer run through the projector. This was a bizarre project that had involved me being plastered into the cellar wall of a ruined building. It was extremely cold, damp and unpleasant.

Sounds like something out of Edgar Allan Poe. When did First Document begin?

I only started filmmaking properly about 18 months ago when I was able to get access to equipment through a part-time video/audio technical job. We actually started filming the original footage for *Document* in June '91 and didn't complete it until June '92 - hell of a long time to spend on a 20 minute short eh? *Archive Emetica* is similarly taking a long time to put together.

Is there any particular reason for such long production schedules?

In both cases it's due to the extensive processing of material involved and the often complex image/sound editing, but also because of the limited access to facilities. Another reason for the length of time it takes to edit the films is the sheer quantity of material we produce to select from. For example, there was around 20 hours of footage to choose from in assembling *Document*, although a lot of this consisted of the same raw footage processed and superimposed in a variety of ways. Same problem with *Archive* - 15 hours of footage - although I won't be able to use some of the footage due to threats of legal action from one participant - for a 25 minute (approximately) film!!

Who are behind IMAGE 37?

IMAGE 37 is basically myself and Marie-Anne Ferral. The initial filming for projects is very much a collaboration between the two of us and whoever else we chose to include in the filmmaking process.

At this early filming stage I would say that for the most part, our main interest is in the documentation of real experience. That is to say there isn't really any acting or playing particular characters within an imagined fictional

context. Much of the original footage shot for our films has a certain amount of documentary truth to it.



Can you give us some examples?

For instance the heavily processed blinking eyes towards the end of *Document* originally came from documentary footage of Marie-Anne's face as a tattooist's needle began working on her - hence, the distress is real! Similarly there are a couple of shots of open mouthed faces in the same film, apparently

screaming in pain. Actually they're faces at the moment of orgasm. So again real feelings rather than faked expressions.

Most of the sexual material was in fact taken from home movie footage shot originally purely for sentimental reasons and certainly not intended for public consumption. Other footage in both *Document* and *Archive* required a certain amount of discomfort for those taking part, for example; the maggots in the eyes and mouth in *Document*; the real blows to the face in *Archive* (although the blood was fake); the ordeal of lying on a bed drenched in cold vomited food for hours on end in a damp, icy-cold cellar, also for *Archive*. As for the filming of *Catharsis* it goes without saying that Rachel E. underwent considerable trauma for that while I myself had tears streaming down my face during filming. Mercifully, the video version has been shortened by about 95 minutes...

Catharsis is undeniably a powerful work yet you don't seem too happy with it. Why is this?

This is the third version that I've done and I still hate it. In a sense it's not really my project but rather a piece of self-therapy for Rachel. I'm not at all sure there's an audience out there for this sort of stuff. If it is aimed at anyone at all I suppose it is targeted at other survivors of rape/abuse or friends of those people who "don't want to know", don't want their "nice" cosy world disrupted.

It's the sort of documentary/performance that personally I would probably turn off if it turned up on Channel 4, or something. Watching someone break down, cry, scream and generally physically and mentally abuse themselves makes uncomfortable, disturbing but also embarrassing viewing. But then I suppose my own inability

to deal with this sort of highly emotive, highly personal material was what attracted me to the project in the first place.

So how did it come about?

Rachel had originally approached me with the idea that she wanted to relive on camera a particularly traumatic experience of 10 years previous as a means of exorcising it from her mind - hence "*Catharsis*". This was the first time she had allowed herself to remember every detail of what had occurred. I had no idea of what she was going to do. I just filmed what happened over about 2½ hours as best as I was able using a battered-up borrowed camcorder. The session was harrowing to film. At one point during filming I really wasn't sure whether Rachel was cutting her wrists for real - you'll notice the cameras put briefly to one side - she was in such a state.

Originally the video was intended purely for personal record. However, in viewing the footage after the event, I found the images were so powerful, if poor quality, that I really wanted to do something with them. It would have seemed inappropriate to use the documentary images outside their original context. Also in its raw state there was much material that was just too extreme, too personal to show any outside audience - even close friends. Anyhow, with a bit of negotiation, Rachel gave me permission to produce a heavily edited piece of documentation of the performance. "*Performance*" tends to imply acting or fiction, but I don't know what else to call it.

Do you not think it is invasive?

Catharsis may be seen as voyeuristic in the extreme - the camera is so close, invading and unflinching. It amazes me that Rachel was able to continue with the camera virtually inches from her face. It is very rare in situations of extreme emotion in documentary for the audience to be shoved so close. Having said that it is voyeuristic, a large part of the editing process involved the removal of material that could be seen as titillating. This was partially achieved through the selective re-filming of the material directly off a T.V. screen filming only a portion of the screen.



Hence the grainy and deliberately solarized/broken up images.

This effect does tend to give the piece a more surreal effect.

Part of the rational for the transforming of the original colour - admittedly poor quality colour - footage into distorted/degraded black and white quality was to distance the audience just a little from the intensely personal material. The idea came from a programme in the *Bookmark* tv series sometime ago about a pathologist - the programme where they got away with showing more explicit autopsy footage than either *Faces of Death* or S.P.K...

That's right. That was the same week the Trading Standards officers uncovered the juvenile video pirate organisation. News presenters were bleating how sick it was that video footage of autopsies were discovered. Obviously oblivious to their own airing of such stuff...

Exactly. Anyway, in that programme relatives of the deceased were being asked to identify bodies via a tv monitor linked to a camera trained on the real body in the adjacent room. The thinking behind this being that people are far more used to dealing with difficult reality when it is viewed through a tv screen.

How did you get to know Rachel?

I met her about five years ago in difficult circumstances. A close friend of mine, who had previously gone to college with Rachel, had taken an overdose. Rachel, who had similarly taken an O.D. a year earlier and knew what our mutual friend was going through, came over to stay to help her through her problems. I've retained a close friendship with her ever since which is why she felt able to go through filming *Catharsis* with me.

Did the experience have any therapeutic value for her and what does she think of the final cut?

The experience has certainly been of some value for Rachel. However, naturally she finds it very difficult to be objective or even watch the footage filmed. She has commented on the way that she is able to cope with being physically exposed/stripped naked for the camera but that she finds the emotional exposure/vulnerability to be far harder to deal with. It is certainly to Rachel's credit that she was able to bring herself to be involved with editing the material at all. She had the final say on what was included in the shortened video version and what was removed.

Although Rachel feels that *Catharsis* was useful for her to have done, she is uncomfortable about the idea of subjecting anyone else to her personal traumas and the

anger they have provoked.

I noticed that when she painted the picture of her family she wrote "mum" and "dad" instead of "dad" beneath her parents. Was this a simple error or an indication that her father was less than satisfactory?

This wasn't intentional or at least not consciously. However, the anger in the film is certainly directed more against her parents and their inability to even acknowledge what had happened rather than against the perpetrator of the assault. I only found out recently that two weeks prior to the performance, Rachel brought up the rape incident and they casually informed her that they had known what



had happened all along. This was the source of her anger and the catalyst for *Catharsis* - the fact that they hadn't supported or helped her afterwards. Similarly she's expressed her contempt for her father's humorous little observations on the subject over the years - "the only difference between rape and seduction is patience" - yeah, really hysterical...

She attributes her survival to help and support from friends rather than her family - "If I'd relied on my family, I would have taken that fatal overdose by now. My parents can go fuck themselves..."

First Document and Archive Emetica are quite different from Catharsis, more visually nightmarish. Is this kind of

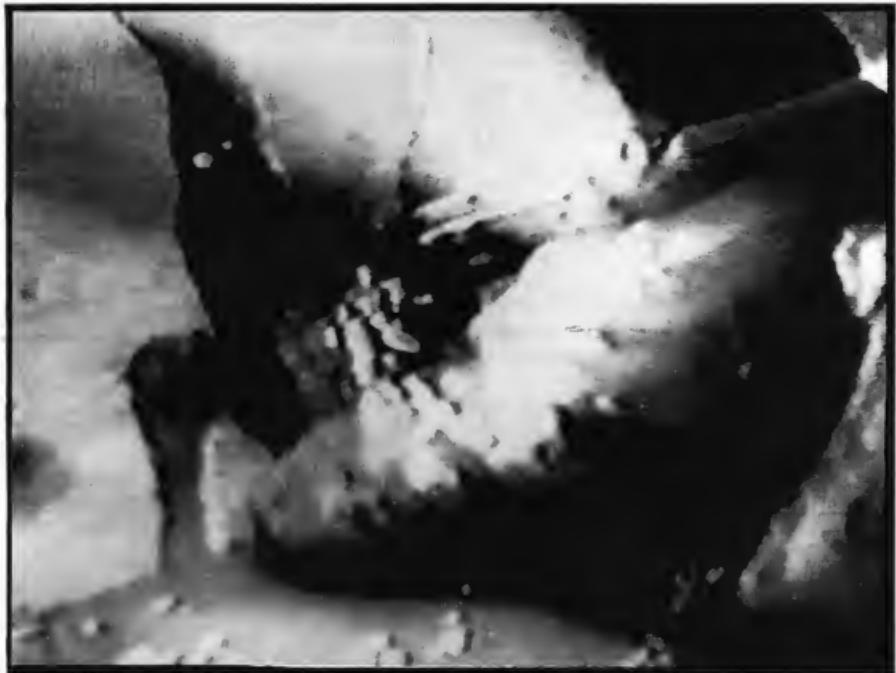
production where your heart lies or is it just experimental work?

I would say that *Document* and *Archive* are, although minor experimental projects, very important to me. They're like sketches for a larger project - similar in general feel to what I want but lacking in substance and technical expertise. At the moment I'm happier with *Archive* than *Document* but that's probably just because its less familiar to me. All I see when I watch *Document* now is the technical faults - that really pisses me off.

The technique of overlaying images sometimes makes you think you've seen more than you actually have. Was that the intention of just the way it came out?

Yes, this was intended, but the ways in which some of the images interacted came about by chance rather than design. I produced many hours of randomly superimposed material then just selected brief fragments that seemed to work.

After the extensive use of superimposition in *Document*, I consciously decided to keep this effect to a minimum in *Archive*. I try to avoid the use of video effects



They are certainly films of cold nightmarish visceral/sexual imagery but for me there's more to them than that. People will see them in different ways. I've implied numerous meanings in both films but they're deliberately ambiguous. That's not to say I'm being deliberately obscure in an attempt to make "art films". The term "art film" is all too often used by "intellectuals" to label self-indulgent, masturbatory, boring crap. I'm essentially aiming to make stuff that is entertaining or at the very least reasonably interesting. You're not communicating anything if people turn the video off...

purely as a gimmick. In general I much prefer to use quite physical, crude ways of processing images rather than using computers or video effects consoles. I hope that because of the techniques I use the look of my films is quite individual.

Who was the unfortunate guy with the maggots in the face in First Document?

That unfortunate bastard was me...

I take it you were a willing participant?

I was a willing participant when Marie-Anne tied me down...didn't realise she had a tub of maggots in the fridge.

What were you cutting up in First Document, it looked very much like real flesh?

You're right. The flesh was real.

All your films, particularly Archive Emetica incorporate vomiting in one way or another. Is this some kind of reaction towards filmmaking?

I don't know...I seem to be obsessed with images of fluids and stuff either pouring out of or into open, gaping orifices. Both *Archive* and *Document* are very moist films - full of images of dribbling, pouring, spurting, splattering fluids. I certainly find these sorts of images to be very sexual, very sexy.

As for the sick-man sequence in *Archive*, this was originally conceived just as a piece of gross humour. We had envisaged a five minute sequence where a guy just threw up continuously until he was eventually totally submerged in a deep pool of bubbling vomit. However, we just couldn't afford the volume of food-stuff necessary... As it turned out the sequence ended up being considerably more restrained and is disturbing rather than particularly humorous. I still find the deliberately o.t.t. vomiting sound effects on *Document* to be quite funny though. They were added to emphasize the absurdity of the endless assault of gross, bloody imagery and also perhaps to pre-empt audience response.

What's the implication with the woman on the beach in Archive?

As with much of that film, this section has an implied narrative or theme but its fairly ambiguous and open to interpretation. I remember going to the beach where this was filmed as a kid and overhearing my parents talking about a tragic incident that had occurred there. A guy had gone swimming alone, got into difficulties and drowned and then some weeks later his girlfriend, unable to cope, had similarly drowned herself at the same spot. I suppose this was vaguely at the back of my mind when working on this sequence.

This section introduces a number of themes and feelings that continually reappear throughout *Archive*. Obviously there's the images of running fluids and death, in this case sea-water and drowning. Then there's the images of covering and uncovering, swallowing and expelling. For example, the water covers and uncovers the beach, the sand expels/uncovers the naked body and later swallows/re-covers it. These sorts of ideas are mirrored in the chicken skinning/uncovering, the uncovering of internal flesh, the expelling of stomach contents, the covering and

uncovering of the girl submerged in water, images of clothes being removed etc, etc.

There are also implied themes of memory and/or premonition and a fragmentation and dislocation of events in time.



Overall I would say the sequence has a feeling of pathos and sadness as do several later sequences in the film. I think also that the seemingly arbitrary cutting between male/female bodies, identifying one with the other, is also important although I don't fully understand why yet. Often when I work intuitively, I don't fully understand the implications until some time later.

Sex and death seem to be increasingly topical subjects as in your own films. Why do you think this is?

Sex and death are dominant underlying themes in artwork in all its forms. This is certainly not a new development but there does seem to be a lot of work being produced at the moment that very blatantly and obviously makes close links between death and eroticism. In earlier films and artwork this idea of erotic fascination with death has always been partially veiled. Vampire films are obvious examples while films such as Hitchcock's *Vertigo* similarly

have an underlying necrophiliac theme.

If you are interested at all in the human body and in life then inevitably you have to deal with sex and mortality. *Document* is particularly concerned with the human body and its qualities of flesh. The whole film is shot in close-up or else the images are partially obscured so as to eliminate any environment outside of the bodies. The bodies are the landscapes in *Document*. Many scenes in *Archive* also show the human body in isolation. I am interested in showing all kinds of bodies rather than just concentrating on bodies that are conventionally beautiful. Some of the shots in *Archive* are far from flattering...I seem to be going off the point here...

So how important is the soundtrack to your films?

Very important. Although the visuals of *Document* were edited before the soundtrack was even recorded, I assembled the images with reference to the sounds I knew I was going to record. The way in which I edit material together often has more in common with the more abstract methods of music composition than conventional film narrative where shots are ordered so as to tell a story. The soundtrack is equally important in *Archive* but in this case I had all the music recorded before I started editing. Some sequences in this film were approached much like a music video in that the sounds and rhythms often dictated the length of shot used.

There are many parallels between how I used to put together sound/noise and the way in which I make films now. I used to take sections of sound/music and then systematically rework, degrade, fragment, superimpose, reorder them to create something new. I'm doing exactly the same now with moving images - it's a changes in medium but basically it's very similar to me. Also *Document* and *Archive* share the same fragmented structure as music I've worked on. This approach has no doubt got a lot to do with my own very short concentration span. I find it difficult to follow a film narrative for any length of time - I switch off every few minutes. For this reason I tend to prefer films that are either largely visual/aural rather than dialogue/plot (*Eraserhead/2001*) or are made up of a number of shorter sections (*Der Todeskind*).

Some of your earlier artwork suggests a fear of surgery. Is there any particular reason for this?

No, not really. I think that everyone shares a common fear of disease and of what can happen to the body. What amazes me is the way that some people who would object to even the mildest horror movie can happily sit at a meal table and talk about cancer tumours and heart operations. Personally I can't cope with the real thing. Yeah, I know it's a cliché but perhaps this is the reason why I try and face my fears safely through films etc.

There seems to be an underlying interest in decay, evident

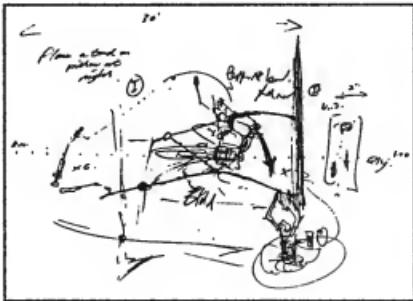
in the degradation of images. Can you explain this?

Decaying matter and decayed/degraded images always makes for an interesting visual subject matter. Rotting flesh is quite beautiful - shame about the smell...

In *Document* I was making links between the decaying flesh and the decayed/degraded quality of the images. Also there were juxtaposed images of flesh being scratched and then the image itself being scratched. The initial reason for heavily degrading the footage for *Document* and *Archive* was to have that flat amateur quality that video tends to have without decent lighting - you know, the Australian soap or cheap porno look. I was aiming for the look of 1920's silent films and grainy documentary video. I wanted people to be unsure about what they were actually looking at.

What or who inspires your work?

A lot of inspiration comes from associating with and



working with Marie-Anne. Most of the images in *Document* and *Archive* came about through a collaborative process between us. We each have our own range of interests and influences and these come together in the finished films. I would say that a lot of the more erotic and perhaps more "human" side of the films originally came from Marie-Anne while the colder, visceral elements and experimental approach are mine. At least that's how it started - our interests seem to have merged to a large extent now. Marie-Anne tends to be most influenced by her own life experiences, people she's met and so on, while I think perhaps I'm more influenced by other artwork, films, music etc.

Any particular filmmakers..?

My film influences would include, among many; *Eraserhead*, *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, Cronenberg, all the Herzog films, all the Waters films, *Buttgereit*, *Jarman*, *Deodato*, *Greenaway*, *Fulci*, *Anger*, *Brownrigg*, *Bunuel* etc,

etc. To a large extent I'm also influenced by a lot of late 60s, early 70s artwork, particularly the more extreme performance art, experimental music and underground films. In some ways I feel my work is quite dated but then I've only just started working with film I suppose...

I often put so many references in my work to my influences that its virtual plagiarism - hopeful though, my influences are so wide ranging that most people won't notice!!

What are your future projects?

There will be a third film along the lines of *Document* and *Archive*...I think!! It may develop into something quite different. I would like to do something that incorporates a lot of images of burning, melting and fire. Also I came across a really incredible book recently that I may use as a basis for filming. Its a volume of woodcuts illustrating surgical techniques and equipment that were used in the 19th century. Some truly gross images.

Assuming I continue to have reasonable access to video facilities next year, we may consider starting work on a feature length project. But taking into consideration the time it takes to produce two 20 minute films, perhaps that's not such a good idea...we'll see...

We wouldn't mind getting into some live performance stuff again as well - perhaps to accompany screenings of the films??

Finally, when did these "strange desires" begin?

I had a great early childhood...surprised?...but I was always the odd-one-out. I used to stagger around a piece of wasteland dressed up as Frankenstein's monster complete with a bolt I'd made to go through my neck! Either that or I'd scare my mates...

So you were lucky enough to have some?

Yeah, I had a couple...by telling them that my house was haunted or that I had psychic powers because my family were descended from Lancashire witches. I actually found out about the age of 17 that a guy who I had gone to primary school with still firmly believed my family to be a bunch of Satanists! Actually I've never got involved practically in any occult stuff - it doesn't really interest me.

As for secondary school, I probably would have got heavily picked on for being weird/different had I not hung around with mates who had a bit of street cred - you know - the alternative "in-crowd".

for further information on Barr/Ferral productions write to:
Image 37 Prod. 23 Stanley Street,
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NN2 6DD, UK.

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CHARLES MANSON SUPERSTAR

The answers are:

1. The Spahn Ranch/ Barker Ranch.
2. White Album.
3. Richard Nixon.

The winners are:

- Penny Harris, West Midlands.
 Daniella, London.
 Marisa Carr, Brighton.
 H J Leech, Scotland.
 John White, Swindon.
 Dericks Michael, Germany.
 Darren Barnett, Sussex.
 T. Wilson, Humberstone.
 Susan Stevenson, Manchester.
 M. Martin, Devon.

CORPSE FUCKING ART

The answers are:

1. Kabul
2. Three
3. Burt Lancaster

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Positive Pornography

Sarah Turner

"Literature possesses a multitude of intentions but pornography possesses only one."

Steven Marcus

I was 8 years old when I was first aware of experiencing something explicitly sexual. I'd been playing on waste ground (like tomboys do), when I looked down and saw a dirty, tattered magazine at my feet. All the pages apart from one had been obscured by rain and soil. I ripped this page out and read what appeared to be a story - a true confession. Many of the words lost me - at that age I still equated cock with a-doodle-doo, pussy with Whiskas, and... clit sounded vaguely feline too. But although the terminology was new I certainly understood the message behind it, lots of hands roaming up legs and proper kissing! I also knew that I liked it although I wasn't sure why, so in my excitement I shouted my friend over to see my treasure. She'd obviously learned things early - she called me a pervert (another new word!) and told me I'd never go to heaven if I kept looking.

I kept the sheet of paper though, took it home with me and copied out the text in my best handwriting. Childish logic told me that I'd get into trouble were it found so it got hidden and eventually lost when we moved house. By that time though I knew the words by heart and was ready for something more - it came in the shape of 3 boys I knew. They got hold of some magazines for me and were the only ones I could trust with my secret. I was later 'caught' with the magazines, severely punished and made to promise never to look at anything like that again.

At the age of 16 I blatantly ignored my promise and bought my first private supply. They were well hidden and well used. From the stories, I learned about sexual situations I was yet to encounter. From the pictures I found that I wasn't bodily abnormal as I'd previously thought. If it hadn't been for these solo discoveries I wouldn't like to imagine the mistakes I could have made. While most of my friends were learning the hard way on the school playing fields I was at home taking it easy. I did it my own way - no one forced me into sex because of my ignorance or inexperience. Maybe I hadn't done some things before, but I certainly knew what to expect. My imagination ran riot.

I never felt that sex was dirty or frightening - something you did to either piss your parents off or impress your friends. Top shelf porn was one of the best friends I had. It protected me from unwise sexual encounters and prepared me for the good times. It stopped me from being a victim.

Despite people like Madonna making slutty commercially acceptable, and the rise of lesbian and feminist - as well as heterosexual - porn for women, most women still have the same old view of pornography: that it is unnecessary, male-orientated and degrading. This however appears to just reinforce the view that women are victims - that things are done *to* them not *by* them - like puppets on a string. This is not the case though, a woman's sexuality does not exist for anyone but herself - she has a duty to herself to explore it. In the words of Jenny White (grandmother and member of Feminists Against Censorship), after customs seized her lesbian love videos: "Your sexuality is yours. It's not the state's, the customs officers or your husband's. It's yours and its exploration with another person is the only way to claim your birthright".

Top shelf porn magazines are important because they are the main contact most of us have with a stranger's sexuality. It is enlightening to discover more about its origins. The history of pornography is unchronicled officially until 1857 when it receives its first mention in the Oxford English Dictionary. Used initially by whores (note: women!), the lack of non-essential background in the writing helped to keep the user's mind on the job in hand. But, porn as we know it best - that is, the monthly magazine - was virtually unknown until the early 1960s. Prior to this it thrived in the underground novel format.

Porn began it's life in earnest as an expression of anarchy and was entertaining as well as sexual - a vehicle of protest against middle class moral respectability, and so was heavily suppressed - hence the underground novellas. Traces of radicalism still survive within some areas of public sexuality - notably within performance art, but this is the least influential and accessible part of the porn industry. It's true of course that modern pornography is rarely revolutionary (or aesthetic) but it no longer appears to be in anyone's interests to make it more so. Mainstream soft porn has most success when everything is crudely reduced to one single factor - a focus for solitary sex. This *single-mindedness* is the element of pornography most criticised - "Where's the story?", and other similar comments are heard from its detractors. The point they miss is that it needn't have a complex plot, fascinating script and credible scenarios - it is a world of the imagination which few of us will inhabit in real life. We are voyeurs of another's fantasy intended to focus the mind on sexual thoughts - anything extra is superfluous.

This focus on the mind is to me the crucial factor of soft porn. So much is not shown that the human mind is still left with a great deal of work to do. The

stimulation is of the intellect as well as the body and it is under these circumstances that it is the most powerful and long lasting. It may appear a little naive to centre this piece around something so tame and easily ridiculed. It may also seem slightly ludicrous to speak of the intellect and soft porn in the same breath but I remain convinced that the importance of these magazines is not negated by their seedy, desperate image.

Despite popular opinion there are plenty of people (including women) who want (need?) the stimulation of crude texts and pictorial representations of women. And even if there is sometimes a feeling of disgust in reaction to certain material this isn't always a negative response. Human reactions are notably complex - there being no reason why a stimulus cannot be found both erotic and obscene - indeed quite often the disgust can be the principal factor involved in the arousal.

Unfortunately though, many new magazines consist only of 90 percent cheap photography and 10 percent sex phone lines. These magazines are so bland that even the possibility of being disgusted by them is sadly lacking. Amidst this blandness it is unsurprising that many

people are left unsatisfied - no less women who have already been largely overlooked as solo consumers of porn (they are, however, very much looked upon as consumers when they partner and pose for the male readers). Because of this, many of the publications leave for them a lot to be desired.



When the female editor previewed her new magazine *For Women*, her experience in the porn field and PhD in Latin erotic poetry should have stood her in good stead for giving women what they want. Instead she comes up with "aesthetic appreciation of the male form"! Who is she kidding?

Women who do want porn and free access to sexual media appear to be looking not for an emulation of men's porn but an extension and improvement of it. What they don't want is the new style stuff which is of no benefit to anybody. So

much of what was good about the old magazines is now gone - the fun, the cooking oil sexual juices, the true fetishes letters, the incredible scenarios, awful photostrips and the tacky, sexist language used. Even the politically incorrect male power photostrips and tasteless advertisements give a sense of time and place as well as a

the idea that what was going on was enjoyable. How much greater all of that was than "I want a man to ram it into me - HARD", next to a photo and a phone number. This over-glamorous photography and reduction of text quantity does not invoke any kind of erotic feeling at all. Women are no different to men in their wish for good masturbation material, but there is also a desire for knowledge and experience which can act as a means of liberation or catharsis.

"There's an ignorance that exists through fear. We hide certain things from ourselves to defend ourselves against them. With sex, this is precisely the case" - *Love Meetings*, Pasolini. Many women don't want these fears hidden from them anymore - they want to confront them. This is what Annie Sprinkle did with 'A Hundred Blow Jobs' in her live performance piece. While a tape of abusive remarks was playing ("SUCK IT YOU BITCH") she forced herself to suck on different dildos.

Not only in the sense of fighting fear and building inner strength is porn valuable - it can also lessen real exclusion, frustration and isolation, and alleviate the sense of sexual shame too often thrust upon us by the well-meaning but misguided. In one famous case, the DPP vs Jordan, it was claimed that pornography had social benefits, and that for certain people, it relieved "...sexual tensions...possibly diverting them from anti-social activities, and that its publication was therefore for the public good". Unfortunately the claims in this and many other cases were rejected by the courts. Much has been said of pornography, for and against, giving it an elevated importance unwarranted by its personal nature.

Randy Racquel

No more lonely nights when you have Racquel to keep you company. A beautiful blue-eyed blonde, that's Racquel, the ever willing blow-up doll. No more problems with how to look after her, Racquel never says no. Approximately 5' tall with an artificial vagina that feels like the real thing. Soft life-like touch, much stronger and more realistic than other dolls on the market. Comes complete with lubricating cream for extra pleasure. Our price just £12.50. Will fold up small enough to fit into the glove compartment of your car.

Despite claims that porn is both an incitement to and preventer of sex crimes and sexual deviation, there is no concrete proof either way. The most feasible views seem to centre around the idea that porn has an integral cut-off point which actively prevents the sexual acts performed in privacy being carried over into public life. As mentioned earlier, often arousal contains an element of distaste, the distaste giving way to arousal while the fantasy is being enjoyed, but both the distaste and an excessive need for privacy return immediately after orgasm is reached. This prevents us from living our fantasies in actuality because the nature of fantasy is essentially voyeuristic and incompatible with real life. Those who do succumb to the real life living out of fantasy are in abnormal enough mental states not to know the difference. This is neither due to or controlled by pornography.

To most of us, fantasies delivered by soft porn are to be desired. They take us away from the limited, mature sexuality of responsible adulthood into those carefree, teenaged days of sexual tension and experimentation. The fantasy enriches our sensible lives and help to keep us stable. It is the adult equivalent of play for children - experimental, a learning tool, fun, and essentially without serious consequences.

So, if porn has so many advantages why is it snubbed with such venom? Is our pure world really being destroyed by sin and licentious sex? Sex is an integral part of humanity so why should it provoke such negative controls?

Freud would maintain that civilisation's advancement depends upon the repression of sexuality, and that the repressed biological drive is transformed into a constructive social drive. The less time we spend on sex, the more time we'll have to feed the poor and develop vaccines for dying babies - that sort of thing.

Admittedly, this is ridiculous but there are many people who take even more stupid sounding propaganda at face value. There is an ever growing band of moral and political crusaders who feel that sexual freedom, choice and control are harmful under any circumstances (their hit list includes pornography, birth control and gay rights). They, like Freud, have tried their hardest to convince the ever gullible public that sex is the root of all evil, claiming that frequent exposure to, for example, soft porn damages the imagination, destroys relationships, causes promiscuity, encourages rape and approves self-gratification at all costs. However, their crusade for moral purity does sometimes backfire on them - it has been known for publishers, who face being taken to court on obscenity charges, to push the limits of what is 'visually acceptable' even further in a kind of 'in for a penny, in for a pound' defiance.

One of the excuses these anti-everything lobbies give for restricting our sexual choice re. porn is that it destroys families and marital harmony. Middle-aged relationships can suffer when she finds "dirty books" in his possession. He claims "A friend gave me them and I forgot to throw

them away". She cries, "Why should he need them when he has me?". They both refuse to allow the material to take any part in their joint sexuality and are therefore depriving as well as deceiving themselves. These shocked housewives ("I'm at my wits end - doesn't he love me any more?") are victims not of *his* sexuality but of their own. Because they can only accept the manifestation of sexual power in the form of man/woman penetration, they consider the masturbation over pornography to be the equivalent of betrayal in the flesh.

Puritanical attitudes like these surround and at times almost threaten to engulf sex. We may find it easy to talk about it jokingly but when it comes to serious discussion and practice, many of us are as hung up as ever. The moral codes instilled into us since childhood are not easy to defy, despite appeals to logic and common sense. Some years ago, an ex-colleague - a 55 year old nurse - was shocked to the core in the staff room to hear a mention of oral sex - "I thought that's why men went to prostitutes". She was evidently too respectable to do it herself and she'd leave her husband if he tried to do it to her. It's not even confined to the older generations of women either. An 18 year old didn't mind penetration so much but if she had to touch, kiss or even look at his "thing" she was physically sick.

Not only prudishness but also the excuses of hygiene and propriety cover up a multitude of sexual fears. In the 1920s, young, otherwise-liberated women were discouraged from cycling, their male elders fearing it could "destroy the sweet simplicity of... (their) girlish nature" (break the hymen). In the 1950s women's magazines suggested that passivity and dependence were *all* that was necessary for a woman's sexual fulfilment. And in 1959, the book from which the following quote was taken sold a million copies: Women should be "the passive instrument of another person, stretched out supinely beneath him, taken up willingly by his passion as leaves are swept up before the wind" (*The Power of Surrender*, Dr Marie Robinson).

But even the most liberated amongst us do not always allow sexual truths to be told. We fake orgasms and don't admit it, keep our mouths shut about our own masturbation and past lovers, and say nothing about the kind of sex we really want. We are misguided - we believe that should our partner discover the SHOCKING TRUTH they will no longer be interested in us, when in actuality, it is those truths they most want to hear.

We are also unhappy to admit that sex has the power to destroy our bodies. In post-AIDS times we do *not* have "more imaginative sensuality and a new stress on a variety of erotic expression" (Haste). Most still consider penetration to be the only real form of sex. Neither do we all engage in safe penetration (less than one third of the sexually active population have plucked up the courage to demand it). Wearing a condom brings our mortality mentally closer to home, although, paradoxically, *not*

wearing one brings it *physically* closer.

This is not all about condoms or safe sex though - it's about something more personal; about a right to sexual fulfilment and control. It's about the freedom to fantasise - to enjoy the sordid and tawdry without intellectual hackles being raised.

Only by allowing yourself access to the maximum possible information and stimuli can you hope to make informed and intelligent choices about what is best for you. Unless there is a free market of knowledge and information, said J S Mill, that which is harmful will never die out.

Sexuality is neither moral or immoral - it should be categorised outside these restrictive boundaries; as amoral. But the guilt and fear of this contrived immorality can be overcome provided we realise that the guilt is instilled within us for a reason. In the words of Wilhelm Reich, "The goal of sexual repression is to produce an individual who is adjusted to the authoritarian order and will submit to it in spite of all misery and degradation".

Only by realising that our sexual repression is advantageous only to those who seek to control us, can we realise our full and true sexual preferences - and there is no reason why pornography can't feature highly within these. We can only do this in privacy and with full knowledge and reasoning. This is summed up beautifully by a 1920s gay playboy: "People should be left alone dear. As long as children are protected it doesn't matter going to bed with a lamp-post. Napoleon and Lenin thought so. Rome and Greece thought so, the modern psychologists think so, and so do I" (Brian Howard).

'Positive Pornography' is Part One in Sarah Turner's three part series on repressed sexuality. Part Two, 'Spiritual Repression' will appear in Headpress #7: 666.



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Savwarfare

Paul Temple

In Headpress 4 we ran 'Savoy Wars', an in-depth look at the Savoy publishing and recording empire and a history steeped in controversy. Very much a part of that controversy was/is their involvement with hedonist and '60s pop legend P.J. Proby. Paul Temple was behind the scenes on a number of the Proby/Savoy sessions.

My initial encounter with Savoy was at the rump end of '86, when I made the three hundred mile trek to Yorkshire to interview the extremist P.J. Proby for *Melody Maker*.

Although I got laid a lot, the late eighties seemed like a really bad time to be a rock journalist. I mean it was bleak, and apart from the occasional belt one got from the odd mighty hip-hop track, for me, one night of reviewing the singles was comparable to a holiday in the gulag, drinking sand. However, when I heard Proby's sublimely vivifying detonations of *Heroes*, *The Passenger* and *Love Will Tear Us Apart*, I was stunned. It was like finding ingots in a river of pony piss. Savoy had also just released *Blue Monday* by The Savoy Hitler-Youth Band, a New-Order/Bruce Springsteen splice. An ultra intense electronic flash with a ragingly wild cover (a *Fangoria* style cut-up of James Anderton having his brains blown out with an elephant gun). I got in touch with them and they sent me a parcel including some of their rather flammable press-cuttings and a Proby version of *Anarchy in the UK*, where poetic licence goes bungee-jumping: "I am an anarchist, I am a Nigger". As if this were a world without consequences.

It has to be said, that when I met them, my first (and possibly a lasting) impression of Messrs Britton and Butterworth was of a pair of dangerous paranoids, a duo of gibbet-hillbilly's with a great sense of intensity and a bit too much of the black stuff about them, but a relationship crystallized over shared common-ground, of the Iggy, Elvis, Pistols, Tarzan, Human Torch kind.

Of the two Brothers Grim, Britton struck me as more obviously rock n roll than Mike Butterworth, who had the timorous demeanour of a *sordide sentimentale* northern schoolmaster who'd been blackmailed from a Blackburn paedophile ring. An entrenched Larry Williams fan, David Britton had a certain darkness. He was a big

man with a wicked sense of humour (and an evil-er laugh). An erudite with a blunt edge, he had an unreconstructed Esquerita coif and wore shades all the time. I smoked a lot and having been used to the usual nervy career-minded chaffers one met in the music industry at the time, they were a marked contrast. They were like a breath of foul air.

When I actually got to interview Jim Proby I couldn't get anything out of him but weirdness. The whole scene was like a really bad out-take from a David Lynch movie. Chaperoned by his girlfriend, who to my bewilderment, kept calling me 'Sir', and who was incidentally a three foot-three cripple dwarf with boss-eyes, a misshapen head and very patchy hair (legend has it that Proby met her at a banquet where she popped out of a pie), P.J. sat in a make-shift wooden throne and was completely shit-faced drunken imperious, the only things missing were the goblet and the curly shoes. He came over as a treble-bind psychotic with a tattered and charred Elvis complex and a Will Scarlett beard.

He bullshitted, brooded, yelled and sulked, his voice teetering between Tennant's Extra Shakespearean English and Texan Foghorn Leghorn. He smelled like a warthog, like he'd soiled his Bury Market pants - three days ago. It was the granddaddy wizard of gross-outs. As a professional, I tried to stay on top, but was completely surfed-under by the warp and the weave of the thing. It was incredibly funny, Proby climaxed the interview by threatening to blow his head off with a shotgun.



Evening News, 22 December 1987

I later got involved with some of their recordings, Proby's 'Irish' sessions that spawned the wonderful *Bobby Sands* where Jim simultaneously fist fucks the Queen, The Pope and The Very Reverend Ian Paisley in a back alley in the Falls Road, and *The Old Fenian Gun*, a record steeped in a nasty kind of traditionalist folksy Straw Dogs violence. Proby's depressing potcheen monotone drawl over that dirge-y Black Sabbath riff sounds incredibly menacing. I seem to recall Jim being so pissed when he recorded this that he found it impossible to enunciate the word 'Fenian', he kept saying "Finnegan, Finnegan". It was a waking nightmare. I also dragged my sampler up to Manchester to record *Hardcore: M97002* which begins with a curse, carries on with a curse for 15 minutes or so and ends with a blessing. I stayed up one snowy evening with a yak-skin-moon-booted Jim Proby and his trusty bin-bag full of Special Brews for this. Yeah, we wrote this thing in a cottage on the moors just north of Manchester, where according to Britton, on a clear day you can see Myra and Ian forever. The Beastie Boys were big at the time, Proby thought they were puffs (this was around the time he said in a live radio interview, that his ambition was "to walk into a record store and buy a record that had not been made by a homosexual"). The intention was to write a rap record, in the style of Marley Marl or The Skinny Boys gargantuan *Rip the Cut*. The samples went in, the beats were laid down, but what came out of the other end was so unholy, one was prompted to say 12 Hail Mary's and run for sanctuary. Proby raps "Evil, be thou my good" to vicious effect. "I am the man with the 12 inch gun" he pronounces, despite the rumours that his rockin' root withered away long ago after a bout of teenage syphilis. When this record was released it caused a hail of shite to descend from the sky, as it featured the legend "Guest vocal:- Madonna" on the cover. The tabloids went wild, the fat bitch threatened to sue and the record was banned everywhere. One music paper awarded it single of the week status and dubbed it the last rock record ever made. I also wrote *Reverbstorm*.

Over the years, the Savoy story has continued to uncoil like a C.V. from hell. It's as if their survival has depended on having the shadow of the guillotine striping their necks. Savoy's relationship with the world, or non-



PJ PROBY 'Sign 'O' The Times' (Savoy)
Proby looks like Dennis Hopper coming up for air in *Blue Velvet*, only twice as crazy.

This cover of the Purple Imp's classic is packed with an equal viciousness. Imagine a castrato Tom Jones with napalm on his knees singing for his very life and you have an inkling of what's going through Proby's mind as he wades waist-deep in gore through the Tim Buckley-style orchestration.

"This is the sound of a man who's at home with adversity and this is his idea of fun. "Don't you know you've been messing with my mind," the sexy backing singers trill as Proby relaxes in his oxygen tent. Frighteningly brilliant.

Sounds, 8 July 1989

been Martin, Savoy's anti-PR officer who died this Spring after jumping in front of a train. His death-obsessed and long toxic amphetamine-messed brain could take no more. But as everybody at Savoy should have known by now, this is not a world without consequences.

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SAVOY COMPETITION

This issue's competition is an exclusive, hence one winner and no runners-up.

There can't be many people as yet unfamiliar with Savoy, whether it be through their record releases, through their books, their comics, or the court case last June with regard to the *Lord Horror* novel and issue #1 of *Meng and Ecker*. Or maybe you just read about S. for the first time two pages back..? Either way, you're going to want to be in with a chance of winning this fabulous competition. The prizes - kindly supplied by Savoy themselves - will go to the first correct entry pulled from the ol' body bag and consist of the following: A copy of the *Savoy Digital Angst* CD (see review elsewhere this issue), an advance copy of the compilation *Savoy Wars CDLP*, a one-off hand-printed in two-colours *Jessie Matthews/Lord Horror T-Shirt*, £100 in cash, and a surprise gift!

Write down the answers to these six questions and mail them to: Savoy Competition, Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET.

1. What is the connection between Alan Parker and John McNaughton?

2. Who wrote the song Sick City and is alleged to have once applied as an extra for the Monkees' TV show?

3. Who directed the art-house autopsy film The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes?

4. Who was the Hanover Vampire?

5. Who wrote The Highgate Vampire and From Christ To Satan?

6. The famous northern comedian Danny Ross appeared with him in films and on TV. He was the only man in England *Lord Horror* feared. Hello Playmates. Who was he?

Entries must arrive no later than April 30th, 1993. The editors' indecision is final.

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It's a mad, mad, mad, mad WORLD

After last issue's brief respite, the *Headpress* catalogue of *osservazione matto* is back with more crazy guy sightings. First up this time round is globe-trotting Tim Buggie. Take it away Tim...

The Beatbox Warrior. This urban predator can often be seen on the main Brändiesholme to Ramsbottom road. He stands at the kerb looking almost ready to hurl himself into the traffic, right arm hooking his beast of a beatbox to his hunched shoulder. He rolls his left arm and clenched fist at the traffic in his best rave warrior fashion. His body twists and contorts to the rhythm. He mounds the lyrics to any passenger whose eye he can catch.

The last time I drove passed him, I slowed down and opened the window to hear what music the beatbox warrior was spasmodically grooving to. I'm still sure I must have been mistaken: *Deacon Blue?*

The Backwards Man. There's a tramp who occasionally shambles around Bury town centre, rifling through litter bins and hoarding all his junk in a huge crusty sack which he hauls around where ever he goes. His address is the bench outside the Three Arrows. His route to and from town is always along the same road. Once in town, he will shamble along pretty much normally, searching bins, until reaching his 'escape route' where he will perform a clowning pirouette and walk away backwards at a cracking pace. He never steals a backward - or upward - glance as he effortlessly negotiates kerbs, cars and other obstacles. Local kids throw stones and heckle him with "BEHIND YOU!" while attempting to place skateboards in his path hoping to fell him. He's shorter than a snail's arse but what a mover!

The Ratboy. This case of elfin dementia can occasionally be seen at the busy road junction near to the Presidential Hotel in Port Harcourt, Nigeria. Most hawkers, who dodge around the traffic, sell tampons, toilet rolls, clothes and other 'luxury' items. This urchin, however, sells "lucky" packets of home-made "juju" rat powder. His advertising gimmick almost defies description: Around his neck and shoulders, attached by string - or tail to tail - is a huge necklace of dead rats.

I spied him briefly once or twice at the traffic lights but never managed to catch his attention...until one lunch time. We were returning from the local bar and had gotten stuck in the traffic. Ratboy appeared in front of our car. I beckoned him over just to see if his rodent jewellery was real. Unfortunately, the guy in the car with me, who was much the worse for drink, had seen him also and tried desperately to counter my beckoning. Everything slipped into a kind of drunken slow-motion: I could see the halo of flies around Ratboy as he closed in and, before the drunk next to me could negotiate the closing of his window, Ratboy was leaning into the car. As a warning gesture of sorts, my friend's lunch hit the dashboard just before the stench of dead rats (I counted at least twenty of the things around his neck) hit us, and I covered my nose. Some of the rodents looked fresh, but others were quite gnarled and fetid. Ratboy soon vanished as we panicked and waved him and his juju away. Mind you, should have got some to see if it would remove stains from car upholstery.

Tim Buggie, Aberdeen

□ A young Charles Manson got onto our bus carrying one of those big pre-ghetto blaster cassette players in a plastic shopping bag. He paid his fare and started moving towards the back seat of the bus, grinning. He didn't hold the rails so when the bus set off again he naturally went stumbling backward down the aisle, the big heavy cassette player smashing flat against an old dear's head. Chas corrected himself and said out loud "What a twat driver!" When he got to the backseat of the bus, he placed his bag - precariously - on the seat next to him. When the bus stopped moments later the bag bounced onto the floor. "Oh!" he wailed in disbelief. "What a fucking twat!"

All throughout the journey, Chas sat at the back allowing himself to be swung from side to side with each corner the bus turned, and with each swing, bounce, bump, lurch, stop and start, he would let everyone on the bus know, "What a fucking twat driver!"

Jan Hart, Rugby

□ I was standing in the queue at my local bank. There were a few people in front of me waiting, when I noticed that one of the customers at the desk was acting pretty strange. He was middle-aged, shabbily dressed and kept fidgeting with himself. The young cashier girl kept having to ask the guy to repeat himself. It got so that everyone in the bank could hear exactly what she was saying to him. "YOU WANT TO OPEN AN ACCOUNT, DO YOU? PLEASE FILL IN THIS FORM AND I WILL BE BACK TO YOU IN A MOMENT." She said it slowly and carefully so he'd understand. The girl went off and the guy just looked down at this form she had left for him. At first I thought he had started laughing because his shoulders were bumping up and down and he was making this "Wheep Wheep" sound. Then I realised the guy wasn't

laughing but crying, and he started saying, quite audibly, "*I-I can't do it! I can't do it!*" By the time the girl got back to her desk, the guy looked near hysterical. She flushed bright red and asked "What's the matter? Would you like me to fill in the form for you?" The guy, still sobbing, says to the girl, "*N-no, I-I-I*" then blurts out, "*I'VE GOT A GUN!*" For a minute the girl just looks at him. Then he sobs, "*No, I haven't...HE'S got a gun*" and points to a little plastic piggy-bank on the far end of the desk. A door opens and out comes the manager who says, "I'm the manager of this bank and I must ask you to leave immediately." No cops. Nothing. The guy, fidgeting, looks at his shoes, says, "*O-Okay then*" and leaves.

G.A.K., Manchester

◻ Perhaps the most infamous character round these parts was The Baker, who was best known (until revelations broke that is) for his tasty bread, cakes and world-famous confectionary. Then one day at school, some poor unfortunate, whilst in the changing rooms for PE proved reluctant to put on his sports gear. The nasty instructor (rugby country y' see) was having none of this and insisted he change. Sheepishly, the guy stripped off, only to reveal the handiwork of some perv of gigantic proportions. For there, on the guy's body was the full works - bra, suspenders, fishnets - all hand-drawn in felt pen. The *outrage*. Major investigations followed and it turned out The Baker had been taking advantage of his part-timers and slipping them extra helpings of sweets or whatever. Nothing nasty you understand, but for years after, anyone displaying any sign of effeminacy etc. was dubbed The Baker and joked about bending over to pick up sweets, holes in doughnuts and icing were extremely popular.

Then there was the Maths Teacher. Always a bit *strange*, tales of his sexual adventures involving pool balls, wine bottles etc. were always circulating. Unfortunately, for him anyway, the unthinkable happened. His absence at school was noted - the reason only filtered back later. He got a vibrator lodged where no such object should be and had to seek medical assistance. In this sort of place, medical ethics are non-existent and thus his plight was common knowledge within hours. Thing was, he lived quite near me and took the same bus home. For months afterwards, just as he was about to dismount (from the bus) upon reaching his stop, the air would be filled with the sound of buzzing as dozens of unruly schoolkids gave their opinions on the poor mans plight.

Doug Baptie, Scotland

◻ At our local club we have this old boy called "Sparky" (aka "Sticky") who frequents this establishment every weekend without fail. He lives a few miles away, always cycles into town and wanders into the club, always by himself. Then, armed with his obligatory pint of lager, a cigarette, and his best leery smile, he's off on the pull (see

EXAMPLE ONE). He'll waddle onto the dancefloor, get into the rhythm, and latch onto the nearest available lady. The reaction he provokes is normally one of sheer terror, although once his potential victim/s realise he's relatively harmless, a well-directed "Fuck Off!" is normally enough to send him on his way back to the bar.

Occasionally, some girls find his appearance and general behaviour so hysterical that they'll play up to him, ie. whip off his glasses, try to remove his trousers, etc. This will also send him scuttling away - to seek solace at the bar [reminds us of someone we once knew! eds]. After all this excitement, he'll drink as much as he can before



slumping comatose onto the nearest seat (see EXAMPLE TWO). At kicking out time he'll be pointed in the direction of his bike, and somehow manage to wobble his way home.

Other Sparky facts (which may or may not be true): he's actually very intelligent and works with computers; he's a fully-fledged stamp collector; he wears one of those atrocious reversible jackets (one side for work, one side for play).

Dave & Piers, Weston Super Mare

◻ I know this crazy bag-lady who frequents our city centre. She pushes her stuff around in a stolen Tesco trolley, sleeps in doorways, pisses down dark alleys. She shouts and farts a lot too. Loud, reverberating explosions of wind erupt from the masses of old clothing she wears and she shouts something like "Eureka!" or "You reeker!" following each gaseous eruption. Each winter I believe she will die but she seems indestructible and immune to the elements. The last time I saw her she had a chap. His face looked like a pit bull-terrier's "go-fetch!" with a permanently fixed can of Carlsberg special. I wondered whether they copulated at night, unders sheets of cardboard, farting, belching, squelching.

Claire Stevenson



a conversation
with body
modifier &
prankster

Geo X.

A. Vale & V. Juno

Geo X (real name withheld) has been working in the field of Body Improvement for as long as he can remember. Since he left the Ministry of Defence of his own volition in 1990 - where he designed life-support and weapons-guidance systems - X has been willing to talk, with unique enthusiasm and conviction, on the infinite possibilities of the human body, using himself as "guinea pig for improvement". M.O.D. legalities prevent the true identity of Geo X being made public.

A. VALE: Could you tell us a bit about the technical side of your forearm modification?

GEO X: Basically, I got hold of a local anaesthetic which I rigged up to my arm intravenously. Then...uh...I guess the quickest way to explain would be that I permanently burned out the nerves with a series of fairly high-wattage pulses, figuring correctly - thankfully (laughs)! - that I'd be able to do whatever I wanted with my left arm afterwards. In planning stages, I'd listed all the obstacles that my body could put in the way of such action, the main one being that, after 'removing' all the nerves, there would remain the problem of my body rejecting the foreign, implanted stuff. This is something I haven't satisfactorily solved. I've read enough and got to grips with the genetics-side sufficiently to be able to make the required adjustments to my white blood cells and so on - well, I'm willing to have a go - but, as I know you can appreciate, getting access to the sort of equipment I'd need is nothing short of impossible.

VALE: Can you say more about this problem of 'rejection'?

X: I haven't really solved this...there isn't really an alternative to genetic engineering for this problem. So I've had to accept a compromise: I've been treating myself with two drugs - which I can't name because they're of a

classified nature...the person who supplies them for me would be ruined were his name revealed. One drug (drug 'A') removes a fair part of my arm's defences against disease, infection, and so on - in other words, kills off white blood cells as they enter the arm, which sounds crude but it 'sort-of' works! The other drug (drug 'B') is needed to slow down rejection, which, due to the action of drug A, is mainly confined to bone and hair rejection.

V. JUNO: So, the cells in your arm are gradually disintegrating?

X: Some of them. The drugs can't completely stop this, just slow it down...according to my calculations, I've got about two years before my arm turns to mush and drops off (laughs)! Barring serious infection in the rest of my body - which is also a minor problem - I plan to make sure I'm in a crowded public place when this happens (laughs)!



VALE: That would certainly give people something to talk about!

JUNO: The first cries of "UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!" heard in the market place for hundreds of years! All those mild-mannered consumers getting completely hysterical!

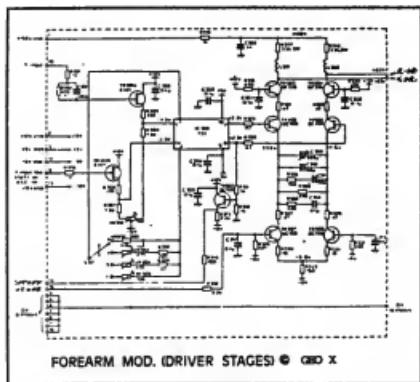
X: I'd be in hysterics, they'd be hysterical (laughs)!

VALE: But, seriously, two years isn't a large amount of time...what I mean is: aren't you bothered about being without an arm for the rest of-

X: I figure it's worth it. I made the decision to modify my arm on the idea that 'if I've got an arm and it's one thing in this world that I can confidently say is MINE, why not enjoy it.' I think everyone has two choices: have a left arm for the rest of your life that, okay it works fine and all that, but is essentially a boring arm (I'm right-handed), or else

have some fun improving and personalising it... and exercising some degree of control over oneself.

VALE: But some 'less enlightened' people than yourself might just say: "Oh, he's just interfered with nature - played God - and is paying the price!"



X: Okay, and I'd say to them 'colostomy bags are interfering with nature, but without them a lot of people would be literally (laughs) up Shit Creek without a paddle!'

JUNO: What can you tell us about your other body-modifications?

X: The one which I find most significant and which I perform most regularly, is a technique that has its roots in trepanning (drilling holes in the skull to release excess cerebo-spinal fluid, also known as trephination), but could more accurately be described as a cross between trepanning, lobotomy and that party trick with the banana and needle and thread. Roughly speaking, it involves the drilling of a 'net' of holes through the skull over the top of the head, into which short, non-irritative metal tubes are fitted - these are similar to piercings in the sense that, once implanted, the tubes are semi-permanently in place. An instrument (which I designed and manufactured, similar to a very long curved sewing-needle) is then used to insert a 'thread' over the brain surface - in the area of fluids between the brain and the underside of the skull - starting at the rear of the head and working towards the front in a series of lateral upward-facing arcs. Lastly, the thread is tightened very slowly and gently, cutting the brain into a series of 'slices'. The resultant consciousness alteration - mainly in the form of stimulation of so-called 'unused' portions of the mid- and rear-brain - cannot be adequately described. I mean, I know how everyone rants on and on about LSD, dream-machines, and so on, but really, those

things are just the tip of the iceberg.

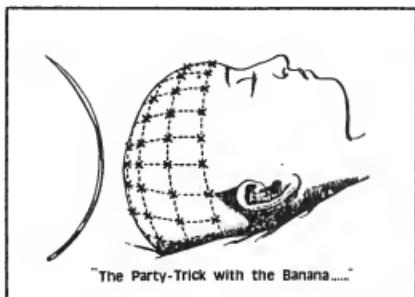
VALE: That's quite some claim! I'm not sure I'd be too keen to verify it (laughs)... I would have thought that blood-loss alone would prove fatal, let alone the division of the brain into completely separate sections...

X: What happens in practice is I use extremely fine wire with a tolerance of one thou', and the resultant passage of the wire through the brain cannot really be described as 'cutting'...coupled with this is the very slow speed at which the wire is tightened. What this means is that the tissue immediately behind the wire - the tissue that's just been sliced - heals quickly, relative to the entire length of time taken to complete the slice. And what's so great and makes for really worthwhile repeat operations, is that, in a similar way to genital piercings, hyper-sensitive 'scar-tissue' develops, and the more one does it - provided one leaves adequate scarring-time between operations - the more hyper-sensitive the tissue becomes. [At this point, X points out that the term 'scarring', re. his description of healing brain-tissue, is not strictly accurate since the types of tissues altered and produced by this process are altogether different on a cellular level to the structure of scar-tissue.] What hyper-sensitive means in practice is the packing together, and fast generation, of millions of new neural connections, and I'm positive that there is a direct linear correlation between the close-togetherness of neurons and consequent freeing-up of space for more to grow...which seems to be happening here. It means efficiency of mental functioning in many new areas...and, as you can gather, I'm extremely excited by it!

JUNO: Both physically and mentally!

VALE: It gives the term 'emotional scarring' a whole new meaning!

X: In fact, it should be called 'emotional opposite-of-scarring' because my method removes the 'pain' aspect of most 'bad memories', retrieves enough guides, cues and so on, to enable de-programming of undesired personality



traits and create 'instant' new ones; large neural intervals seem to be connected almost exclusively with lack of understanding, depression, muddiness of thought, habit-orientated behaviour...the list is endless.

VALE: *Have you performed this operation on anyone else?*

X: Are you having second thoughts about not wanting to validate it!

VALE: *Hmm...carry on.*

X: I'm getting heartily sick of moaning about this, but the same old problems still refuse to disappear: due to the bigoted, stubborn, old-fashioned nature of both the B and AMA, NASA, and all the other old farts with vested interests - especially in the form of police and governmental 'opinion' - people like me basically stand *no chance whatsoever*. Everyone hears of people who've made ground-breaking discoveries being completely ignored. The reason is obvious: If the AMA and all the rest acknowledged discoveries such as mine, they'd have to admit to centuries of arse-gazing and generally throwing large sums of money down the proverbial lavatory. I'm currently being 'monitored' by several organisations (who I'd love to mention but won't) and, as far as I can tell, am only being tolerated talking to people like you because 'they're' confident that they can ridicule such information in other ways.

JUNO: *So, you have to 'lie low'?*

X: Well, I absolutely refuse to do *that!* But, they're pretty unintelligent, these 'surveillance' types! At the moment I'm okay because I'm seen as a pretty cracked - albeit extreme - character, who at least has the 'decency' to keep his cracked, extreme ideas to himself.

JUNO: *Thanks for talking to us!*

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Schramm

on the set of jörg buttgereit's latest movie

David Kerekes



Above the oven, the head of a cow on a meathook: a framed still from Buñuel's *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie*. Buttgeroit points from his top floor Berlin apartment, from his kitchen. "One night", he says, "something strange happened. It was late and I came into the kitchen to make a sandwich. As I turned the light out, something caught my eye outside: it was a woman climbing down from the top balcony of that building, on a rope made from bedsheets. I thought my eyes were playing tricks in the dark, so I looked away and looked again. But there she was, climbing down a bedsheets."

The top balcony of the building opposite is maybe 80...90 feet off the ground. The bedsheet rope the woman had knotted together, Jörg tells me, "doesn't quite reach the floor...by about twenty feet". She is climbing down slowly, delicately, in the middle of the night.

"I don't why", Jörg shrugs. "I do know that this woman is from Thailand and married to a husband - real slobbly - who drinks too much and, I heard, hits her.

"It got so I couldn't watch anymore. I was scared to call out in case it frightened her and she fell. I was scared to put my kitchen light on again in case that frightened her, too. I thought 'I just have to get away from this', so I left my sandwich and went to sit down in front of the TV.

"But, five minutes later, I was back. I had to see what had happened..."

Traffic is busier now with the wall down. Berlin is no longer the 'village-city', "not like it used to be" everyone constantly reiterates.

Today is the penultimate day of shooting on *Schramm*, Jörg Buttgeroit's latest movie. As with everything, shooting is delayed - the new movie should have been in the can weeks ago. *Nekromantik 2* gave Jörg an ulcer and he tries to take it easy so that *Schramm* doesn't give him another. He takes pills and drinks a herbal rancid tea. Daniela also encourages him to take this special, more natural, sugar. But it doesn't taste like sugar. On the



Photo © Alex Matuschka

set he constantly jokes "I can't work under such conditions!" But it doesn't sound like a joke anymore.

I'm staying over at the address of 'Josef K' - a cover for a vacant apartment. Police raids on the Buttgeriteit home, his workplace and the homes of his friends and associates has deemed it necessary to create this neutral ground and pseudonymous rent-payer for the safe keep of the "banned in Germany" movies *Nekromantik* and *Nekromantik 2*. This is where the master prints are stored. Buttgeriteit's producer, Manfred O. Jelinski, says: "Josef really does exist...on paper".

Bedroom scenes for *Schramm* were also shot in this apartment. On the wrought iron framework bed, I sleep in a kind of S-shape so as to avoid the holes that have been cut into the mattress, the result of some visual effects trickery. The cut-out pieces of foam lie on the floor, I keep meaning to replace them so I can sleep more easily, but each time I do they don't seem to fit. And dry red stains trail into the bathroom. More movie accessories on the empty shell of a TV set in the corner: 'Take My Body' - an inflatable love doll I inflate one night. Next to the photograph of a beautiful model lounging half-naked on the box, Ms. Take My Body is a little short on looks in real life, having no head and no legs. Not only that, but her blanmange pink PVC complexion is marred by the words

PRESS HERE AND FIND A WONDERFUL FEELING AT THE BOTTOM, printed out on her neck where her head should be. When I press down, her 'hole' throbs menacingly. I imagine the 'wonderful feeling' takes some practice.

The bedroom window looks out onto a courtyard where, for an hour every morning, a crazy old man sits on a chair facing a wall. The complex has the desolatory look of most buildings in 'old' Berlin: yellow crumbling plaster, no heating outside of the huge water tank in each apartment that takes ten hours to heat up, and stairwells that go on forever (with everyone I meet living on the top floor).

I picture *Schramm*'s vagina monster with its snapping teeth and fold the torso back into its box.

Every so often, Monika will squeal as the rope burns her wrists, or the back of her legs. Many of the crew prefer there assistance in the various ways to tie a knot, but Franz Rodenkirchen - asst. screenwriter - does the majority of binding. Jörg picks up his stills camera and takes a snapshot. Under his breath he doesn't notice himself singing 'Girls Just Want To Have Fun'.

Half an hour later, the last knot is secured. Franz stands back to ponder his work; he makes a couple of



Photo © Jörg Buttgeriteit

adjustments, pulling Monika's binds a little here and there, before agreeing that she not only looks secure, but aesthetically secure. Camera mounted on a wheel-base, he then helps Jörg to line up the shot. Before going for a take, someone throws a dog leash at Monika's feet and there it stays.

We're in a house that once belonged to some governmental official, Pankow, former East Germany. It's swathed not at all in the Traubant-esque furnishing expected of a communist eastern block, but is oppressingly lavish and ornate, decadent down to the bar-room relief wallpaper. Clemens the soundman has somehow managed to wrangle this property for today's shoot.

Monika bound and gagged replete with Nazi-youth uniform, is a dream sequence in the new movie. It is the last thing that the lead character - the eponymous psychopath Schramm himself - will 'see' before dying. He fantasizes about the girl no end. He fantasizes about everything...



Photo © David Kerekes

"That last scene we shot today?" replies Monika. She draws on her cigarette. "It's a scene that wasn't in the script but should now be the last scene of the whole movie. It was actually my idea to...um...create the possibility that she - my character - might die in the end because Schramm is always dangerous to her but in a way he's her protector, too...And now that he's dead something happens to her, you know. I like that idea."

Schramm murders people. He murders the two Jehovah Witnesses that come knocking at his door, molests

and contorts their naked bodies into positions that would be frowned upon in the eyes of their Lord; he pokes around with his fingers, too, and figures that the girl died a virgin - that's how Schramm gets his kicks. He worships his own body and caresses it after he kills. He sees call-girl Monika and, in a weird way, falls in love with her - that is, he doesn't kill her. He believes he is developing an itch on his leg before the thing turns rotten and drops off altogether. A constant blight on his life is Schramm's 'new' - leg which may or may not be ill-fitting and false.

The movie opens with Schramm lying in a pool of whitewash suffering a fall from a step-ladder, his leg having caused him to topple. As the movie progresses, the dying man recounts his sordid past. When his past catches up with him, Schramm, immobile in whitewash and blood, dies. The movie continues to play. Schramm stands before the gates of heaven and from the heavenly mists steps Jesus Christ...

Between each take, the bare-chested Florian leaps to his feet with the cry "AMERICAN NINJA!" before engaging in the stance and stealth of an "Ultimate Warrior". This goes on every day, Florian's belly hanging over his trousers...if he has his trousers on at all. Florian Körner von Gustorf plays the title role in *Schramm* and should his constant joking around belie the demeanour of a homicidal maniac then that's fine by him, after all how else does a "homicidal maniac behave? He surely doesn't go around killing everyone all the time". Once that clapper board claps, however, and ACTION! is called, Florian is right on the ball. "He looks menacing but doesn't look like a killer - whatever they look like", adds Jörg.

With the sound of hammering emanating from the adjoining room as a new set is prepared, with his casual soft-spoken manner, Florian explains in confidence: "So, the story I want to tell right now is possibly more interesting than the whole interview." He leans back into the armchair and ponders the cassette for a moment. "I am, of course, talking about *Emanuelle 4*, which is a porno film. Have you seen Part 3? Did you like it?"

I answer I can't recall which part is which anymore.

"Tell you what. Ten minutes ago I told you about my favourite films, I guess *Emanuelle 4* is the most favourite I have. *Emanuelle* is for me the movie that has everything: it has comedy, it has lots of action, it has lots of sex, it has extremely pretty places where they go to shoot - usually the crew flies to the Bahamas, yes? There is love. There is jealousy. Everything is in it."

Jörg returns to the room. The scaffolding has been erected next door. "It's the first time I don't have to do everything myself."

Florian: "-I guess each part has a different director, I don't know. It's always the same, it's always about this girl, and she's so lucky, she has this rich husband and she doesn't have to work - everything is paid for. She's on permanent vacation. With this, the basic premise of the movie is built

up, okay? And all the women they look so good - only sitting there masturbating all day long. That's great. And they do five or six parts of that. That's great. So, that's my favourite movie."

Me: Are you trying to aspire to working in *Emanuelle*?

"Well, I would do *everything* to work in a porno film someday."

Jörg: "Should we do a porno film, you as producer and me as a director?"

"No, no, no. You as a producer - or director, I don't care - but I have to act. Like Ted Butcher said, 'I fuck for a living'. I think that's the most expressive sentence a man can make."

"I don't get any ulcers because there are no problems..."

"I want to tell you this short story about *Emanuelle 4* - what they did. Emanuelle was bored of always playing the same role and she wanted to stop shooting the movie right there and then... which was difficult for the producer because a 30 minute movie was no good to him, it had to be 90 minutes. So what they did in the movie was have Emanuelle say 'I feel sick. I don't look good. I need plastic-' er...er..."

Jörg: "Surgery."

"Yes. Everyone says Okay, Goodbye Emanuelle and she goes off to Paris - I guess they really shot the plane this actress was leaving the set with (laughs)! So, next scene the doctor is standing there and he's pulling away the sheet and says, 'This is the most beautiful body I have ever seen in my life!' And snap, yeah, you know what has happened? A completely different person is lying there! And they say, well, Emanuelle has changed a lot! And that is something which impresses me very much - the ability to take everything and just throw it in the dustbin... You see, the main actress is leaving and they just go on shooting by exchanging her. That's great."

"It's not a way of doing film," says Jörg, "It's a way of life - How you take life or film seriously. That's it, I guess."

"I guess it was Part 4. If there's a reason to shoot movies, that is the answer." Florian adds, soberly.

Jörg reiterates. "Some days ago, we weren't able to find Monika because she moved to a friend's house and we didn't have her number. And I was thinking how the movie would look without this particular sequence - what would we do instead. For one week I had the feeling that maybe we had to finish the movie without her. I mean, on *Nekromantik* we did such a thing - the movie came in too short, so we put this gardener sequence in where a gardener gets shot in an apple tree."

To make it longer?

"Yeah, to make it longer. But for me it doesn't fit in the movie. I'm sorry, I can't feel happy about that..."

"The woman is lying on the ground not moving. The rope blanket is longer, so she must have made it back onto her

balcony, added another sheet to it or something, and then started down again. She was lying on the ground and I phoned for an ambulance. Next thing I know, newspaper reporters are calling at my door - I wish I could show you the clippings! One newspaper, a right-wing paper wrote the next day, 'Man looks on and does nothing as neighbour falls to her death', while a left-wing paper wrote 'Man fears for safety of neighbour and helps by staying calm'. The woman's husband came round too and asked me exactly what I saw. He explained to me that his wife had locked herself onto the balcony and decided to climb to the ground and come back in through the front door, rather than risk waking the baby by trying to attract the attention of her husband inside the apartment... In a way it's funny, you know."

The above excerpts are taken from a soon-to-be-published volume on the work of Jörg Buttgereit. Essays and personal interviews with all the leading players go to chronicle a controversial career, and - against all adversity - a spiralling rise in popularity worldwide. With its vast selection of mind-boggling never-before published photographs, *Sex.Murder.Art* is the ultimate testimony to underground filmmaking - the obsession, the paranoia



Photo © Jörg Buttgereit

letters

Problems? Write Now! Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, Great Britain

I got the copy of Headpress today - Wow!...its a long piece! I remember warning ya very early that it's a complex case and takes a *lot* to put it on paper. Anyway I hope it wont bore your readers - a magazine *rarely* puts such effort into any topic.

The California death court has predictably voted 5-2 to *affirm* the farce of a trial...(the 5 nazis votes were so easily predicted - they called everything "harmless" or totally ignored the errors.)

Their main thrust was: Clark wasn't always *polite* to the (corrupt) judge and (drunken) lawyer, so he deserves no scrutiny of the (corrupt) judge or (drunk) lawyer's protested conduct.

They did throw out the lying bullshit-artist Charlene Anderman, (the stabbed hooker a guy named Van Houten attacked) so when a *real* court (Federal) reverses, she won't be there to screw up the trial.

The other night I was stretched out watching the TV at the other end of the cell when I switched channels and saw a close-up of a woman in a "trance", talking...(I felt I knew her somehow). One second later I saw, "Donielle Patton - Psychic". That fucking lying bitch whose stories grew, changed 180° half a dozen times, and who the court just relied on as credible. This broad was a total nutcase. She said I offered her (a real dog!) \$800 for sex, with a girlfriend...I had actually hired Nancy and Linda for \$40 each. She said I begged her to pimp me to other men...she said I gave her a gold necklace with a letter on it, (J? S? L?) she kept changing the letter. Of course she threw this jewellery away so it does not exist. She said I told her I dreamed I slit a girl's throat during intercourse to see if her vagina tightened up. No one ever alleged this crap, not even the prolific Bundy (The D.A. tried, in trial, to claim a nick on Charlene Anderman's neck during a struggle (she began sucking Van Houten's cock, then he starts stabbing her in the back in a failed effort to kill her) was in fact the effort by Doug Clark to screw Anderman, cut her throat, and see if her cunt tightened up). Patton said in court "When the police officer told me that had actually happened I realized he did not say he had *dreamed* it, but that he wanted to do it..." She then promptly changed that into "He told me he just *did* it." She thinks she was *psychic* in this case having made up the cut throat story then falsely being told it had occurred. Now she is actively

calling herself a psychic. She leads cops on goose chases and is on TV chatting about how important she is, then she acts like she got hit by a *vision* and goes into a trance. The lunatic man-hating slut actually plans to make a living as a *paid professional liar*.

I've just been pulled out to L.A. to "court" (380 miles, 12 hours on a bus in chains) to let Judge Torres sign a death warrant. He wants this (his last) chance to sign one. His term as presiding judge is over as of 1.1.93. after that no more chances to frame a death warrant on his wall of career highlights. I walked into Los Angeles jail and a riot went off...what a wearying mess that was. Stabbings, beatings, no bedding on a steel bunk, riot-cops beating everyone, involved or not...no phones, mail in or out, no law library, no legal contacts - pure "police-state". The inmates are using AIDS blood donated by other prisoners, dipping darts made from staples, pins, paperclips, shards of pencil wood, and paper blowguns to shoot (& slowly) kill cops.

Douglas Clark, Death Row, San Quentin California

Doug's execution date has been set for February 5th, '93 although there is still doubt as to whether it will be carried out. Updates in future issues.



I have to congratulate you on the general improvement in presentation and in content of your new-look Headpress. For me its just such a thoroughly good read whether I agree with everything or not. Something though that is bothering me is how exclusively male your 'zine is in regards to contributors and the individuals that you cover. I can't believe that in the 1990s there are no uncompromising, radical females producing the kind of extreme images that the "underground" are interested in. Sex, religion, death are wide subject areas and surely if you want to be a bit distinctive from the other zines you could find room for women, homosexuals. A film called *No Age New York* focusing on the New York underground looked at 5 filmmakers Chris Krauss, Beth B, another woman as well as Richard Kern and Nick Zedd. I know

that mostly men frequent these kind of films which I've seen from the composition of the audiences at the Scala in London and the festivals, but how about a bit of diversity, not P.C.ness. And just a word about J.G.P. of Gory Comix who says he's not a misogynist, in my view the *true* misogynist is the one who seeks to defend himself against accusations of misogyny by coming out with pathetic, simplistic statements such as "I love women/ I'm married/ I love my wife." as if this was some kind of proof.

Daniella Srba, London

Thanks for your observations. The exclusive male appearance is by coincidence, not design. We try not to be selective according to gender, it just happens to be that most people who contact us are guys. By the way, next issues theme, 666, is credited to Daniella.



Its good to see you release obscure movies like *Triumph of the Will* but you need to be aware of the reproduction quality. I bought the two-cassette version and at some points the picture went into reverse and there were also loads of drop-outs in the film. To date this is the only complaint I have with Headpress.

Paul Cook, Manchester.

Yours is not the only complaint about the twin tape copies of Triumph... that we've received. However, the only thing we were responsible for in that inferior version was the cover. It was supplied on the understanding that should they use it the Headpress logo should be deleted. This was agreed to but never done. Can't trust anyone these days. As for the "drop-outs" are you sure they weren't just the Nazis?



My Children of God article certainly proved timely over here. As I was removing the copy of Headpress 4 you sent me from its envelope, I looked up at the TV - I'm not exaggerating this - to see that the C.O.G. (who have barely been mentioned in the media here for about the last 15 years) were the lead item on the evening news. It was a great piece of synchronicity.

Chris Mikul, Sydney, Australia

Chris is sometime contributor to Headpress and produces the ever excellent, Bizarriism. See Culture Guide this issue for more details.

Have a listen to a band called Duma Yarma.
Alex Horne, Reading

Dear sir,

Please can you send me your latest edition of Headpress magazine (advertised in Skin Two magazine).
I enclose £3-50.

Thank You.

S. Foley, Leeds

As for It's a Mad Mad Mad World, I could write you a whole fucking book on the strange characters I've encountered over the years.

Dave Martin, Edinburgh

We'd appreciate it.



Headpress 5... Good cover, reminded me of the Nam fan - well haunting. Enjoyed the Andy Bullock interview. Never heard of him before, but now I want to track down his films ~ Want? Need!

Phil Hedgehog, Nottingham



Are K.A. Beer and A.D. Beers by any chance related?.. Please extend my congratulations to Savoy and also Plastic Head record distributors for having had their day in court and come away with a result. Isn't it about time police authorities disbanded vice-squads and concentrated on real crimes, like collaring the cunts who stole my TV, video and hi fi?

Save us from those who would save us.

S.G. Scott, Newcastle upon Tyne

Dear sir

Thank you for sending me your magazine Headpress which I received this week.

However I am about to move house, so please will you take this name and address off any mailing lists you have (if you have any).

THANK YOU

S. Foley, Leeds

the headpress guide to



essential modern culture

It wasn't a shark and it wasn't a barracuda

Michael Helms has the thirteenth issue of *Fatal Visions* out. Why we found this particular issue a bit lop-sided we don't know, but included are an on-the-set report from the "ultimate gore film", Peter Jackson's *Braindead*; the second in Barrie Pattison's appraisal of the career of Tsui Hark; the first part of Steve Fentone's Mexploitation Explained, and a brief chat with pomo star Hyapatia Lee. However, Tsui Hark, Lee, Jackson's mental condition, and some dude from *The Partridge Family*, all pale into insignificance next to G.J. Schaefer's interview with Bernie, a convicted necrophile. Get this, the Ghoul's First Time: "...As soon as I got on her this white foam came oozing out of her mouth and nostrils. I had her legs up against her sides and stuck my cock up her. Her skin was cool but inside she was warm. As soon as I put my weight on her and started to pump she pooped all over the table. I came in about a minute..." And that's *tasteful* compared to what this ex-morgue attendant divulges later. Truly repellent, it even made us wince. US \$6 gets you a copy. *Fatal Visions*, PO Box 133, VIC 3070, Australia.

Back Brain Recluse reaches issue 21 this time around, and with its snazzy new look, is just about the best dressed publication here. Those not familiar with speculative fiction - for that is what this is essentially - don't be put off trying out a copy of *BBR* because there is more than enough of a general peculiarity to be musing over. Plus, as mentioned briefly last Culture Guide, *BBR* instigate their new Directory with #21, so now there's no

excuse. £3.50 UK/£4.20 Europe/£6.20 elsewhere to *BBR*, PO Box 625, Sheffield, S1 3GY.

Alongside Madonna nude and How-to Post-Victorian knitwear, your local remainder booshop should have a real surprise in Taschen's *Cicciolina*. If somebody had told us twelve months ago that picturebooks of the Italian/Hungarian porn starlet/politician were on sale in Britain, let alone respectable British highstreet chains, we would have laughed openly and telephoned the Pope. As it is, they are. A kind of quasi-autobiography - that is six lines of text and two billion pictures - true to form, Taschen have made available *Cicciolina* in a variety of guises: postcard size (slip it in your pocket), poster size (slip it down your sock), and standard picture book format - which is best of the lot because it has a great ultra-tacky relief cover. Better than Sex and at £3.95 cheaper too.

For those of you unawares, *Music From the Empty Quarter* (or just plain *The Empty Quarter*) is a perfect bound A5 sized voyage through electronic, industrial and experimental music. As well as #6 carrying interviews with the likes of The Hafler Trio ("their ass gets really, really tired from sitting on these wooden chairs for three and a half hours listening to something going beep... beep...beep..."), Whitehouse ("I don't mean like fucking faggots in ballet tights"), and Meat Beat Manifesto ("there's a lot of girls in our audiences") among others, there is the customary package of album reviews that'll keep you occupied for days. Loud, brash and a slick layout to boot. £1.75/\$3.50 to *The Empty Quarter*, PO Box 87, Ilford, Essex, IG1 3HJ.

Still of a musical nature is *Grim Humour*. No, no new issues out, just that we didn't get around to the last one (Vol. 11 No.2) till now. *Grim Humour* is a little more diverse than the aforementioned *MFTEQ* in that the 'latest' carries pieces on filmmaker Peter Greenaway, filmmaker Cassandra Stark and filmmaker Nick Zedd, as well as Ramleh, The God Machine, Pigface... You can't really go wrong - if you don't find *something* that tickles your fancy in *Grim Humour* then chances are you're not going to be reading this anyway. £1.75/\$4.00 to *Grim Humour*, PO Box 63, Herne Bay, Kent, CT6 6YU. However, for £3.25/\$6.00, your issue comes complete with a sliver of 7" vinyl - Headbutt and Sweet Tooth - and, seeing as the vinyl is limited to 500 copies, collectorphiles, we suggest you fork out that bit extra...

Children of a Far Greater God. Well, had it been any other TV show that this little affair proffered to appreciate, darsay we would have been tempted to sling it toward the nearest Oxfam shoppe, quick. But, seeing as it covers that most bitter - and for a US sitcom, highly unorthodox - of shows, *Married...with Children*, better judgement (or laziness) intervened. As could be expected of such an endeavour, editor Miles Woods unearths the news morsals for the 'fans' to snap at, which, one supposes, is necessary for true 'appreciation', but we found his episode reviews and eclectic insight strangely compelling. May it has to do with *Married...with*

Children being something of an 'unknown quantity' (inasmuch it seems to have no particular allocated timeslot other than 'late...at night', and receives little - if any - press). Writes Woods: "If the Simpsons were the dark side of the Cunningham's, the Bundys (think where you heard that name before) were the black underbelly". Also covered here are the offshoots: further adventures of the Bundy family in the *Married...with Children* comicbook; Christina Applegate as celebrity of Personality Comics

Presents #4; Ed O'Neill's appearance in *Wayne's World*, and so on... Although *Children of a Far Greater God* is, arguably, a limited embarkation, it would be nice to see Woods explore the territory for a few more issues at least. Issue one is £1 plus A5 SAE (£2 overseas) from: *Children of a Far Greater God*, 2nd Floor, 221 Ashmore Road, Queens Park, London, W9 3DB.

A kind of *Headpress* down-under, that is how we'd like to describe Chris Mikul's *Bizarriism*. Issue three contains a Who's Who in Sydney (you know it's right when Captain Jesus and The Mad Professor are on the list), pieces on Fomenko - Australia's very own Tarzan (who, in 1985, was quoted in the *Sunday Telegraph*, "Just what is this Nuclear War?"), Joe Meek, Valerie Solanas, lesbian vampires, the Shaver mystery, the End of the Millennium, and an up-dated Hookers for Jesus: the Strange Saga of the Children of God (*Headpress* 4). Amongst this are Fortean tidbits and news clippings. *Bizarriism* is one of our favourites and Mikul's writing is always a delight. We suggest you check this out. \$3 (but check for overseas p&p) to: *Bizarriism*, 122 Darley Street, Newtown, NSW 2042, Australia.

Network NEWS is a wonky 'cover' for Earthly Delights and Nocturnal Emissions - that is, as well as promoting new releases and band stuff, there are some curious asides like "Newcastle Hospital reports a shortage of sperm donors in the North East of England. Even at £8 a pop, sperm has to be imported from Sheffield and beyond". With interviews, the stuff 'inbetween' may



COAFGG

please, but basically this is a newsletter and therefore of limited interest if your musical sensibilities fall short of N.E. £5 UK/£6.50 Europe/£10 elsewhere gets a four-issue sub: Earthly Delights, PO Box 1QG, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE99 1QG.

"Recently I was already almost fainting after nearly 70 strokes of the whip, can you imagine that? Normally that would be nothing, but I was dealing with an expert..." So says Mr Hyde (not his real name), the submissive that *Secret Magazine International* have weaned from the personal ads and chosen to interview for their second issue. *Secret International* is the english language counterpart to the already popular French zine, *Secret*, which continues to promote lush fetishism with the kind of erotic photography that most highstreet fashion/girlie magazines can but dream about. Of course, the english-as-a-second-language translation, lends to the proceedings a curious detachment, which, under the circumstances, cannot help but enhance the matter at hand. *Secret Magazine International* #2 is £5/\$10 (no p&p stated): *Secret Magazine*, PO Box 1400, 1000 Brussels 1, Belgium.

If the scratchy comments surrounding the four page picture spread in *Icons* were ever so slightly more ambiguous, the whole thing might be construed as some sort of paedophilic porno activity... Then again, it'll probably be construed as such anyway, knowing that some folk can get their kicks out of Mothercare catalogues. Photo exercises of kids with DOG DONE BY HANDS crayoned alongside? All of *Icons* is scratchy - newspaper cut-ups spattered with short 'meaningless' preambles - which could prove quite effective if a little care was given over to the thing, but what d'you expect editor? You pay peanuts you get monkeys. No price or priceless? *Icons*, 31 Holroyd Road, Claygate, Esher, Surrey, KT10 0LQ.

Dickon Neech and Andrew Collins hit the news stands with the first issue of *Graven Images*, a zine with which they intend to cover the micro-budget end of the film market and the more bizarre titles that occasionally crop up. This issue is a Buttgeret special, with interviews and reviews of JB works, *Nekromantik I & II*, *Der Todesking*, and *Corpse Fucking Art*. Also included are reviews of *Drillbit* (our -hahaha- favourite), *Fallen Future*, *Send Me No Flowers* (has "an air of 'you are there' realism..."), *Camping in Hell* (*Siren* magazine called it "pathetic") and a host of other zero pence works. Neech and Collins' unearthing of so-many obscure/indie pictures is greatly commendable, though it goes without saying that a higher quota of fun is gonna be had reading about much of this stuff than actually watching it (for the self-abusives, *Graven Images* do provide a contact address for most of the filmmakers covered). Essential reading for the anal-retentive genre fan and not at all the "normal filmzine" their cover note suggested, *Graven Images* would, however, do itself a favour by losing the two full-page cartoon pictures and, as our copy of the mag is a test pressing, it isn't fair to comment on the awful photo repros. £1.50 +

£0.50 p&p to: *Graven Images*, Flat 5A, 12 Warrior Square, St. Leonards-On-Sea, East Sussex, TN37 6BX. Dickon also kindly sent us xeroxes of religious paraphenalia that turn up from time to time in the joke shop where he works: YOU HAVE BEEN SEEN TO BREAK THE LAW, NOW FOR YOU IT IS JUDGEMENT DAY AND SENTENCE.

Lo Straniero (The Stranger) is a newspaper format magazine hailing from Naples, Italy, and carries the copy "The Mega-Zine Openly Estranged From The Dishonesty Of The People Who Call Themselves Honest". A kind of international art movement that uses the word "mafia" a lot, there is mention of the 'Anti-System-Gallery', a project where the works of artists, intellectuals and free-spirits will be on public display for a small (an honest 20+ dollars) fee. The theme? "*In the name of Giordano Bruno, shining example of a man who professed his own estrangement right up to the stake where he was burned alive on 17 February 1600 in Rome, for his free way of thinking. Up to now Bruno has been considered - rightly so! - as the victim of the corrupt anti-revolutionary rightists., but it's time to realize that he's been used as a flag exploited by the corrupt revolutionary leftists. However, participants are free to choose any other subject.*" The last Anti-System-Gallery show was in Sicily, late 92, the next is to be held in Oxford, Spring 93 (closing date for entries is 28 February 93). All submitted work is non-refundable. No pushing at the back, please. For further details and multi-lingual *Lo Straniero* news, write: The Stranger, Via Chiaia 149, 80121 Napoli, Italy. Telephone: 081 426052.

The Special Collector's Issue of *European Trash Cinema* is out: 'Giallos, Italian Thriller Cinema'. As the subtitle would have it, this issue concentrates entirely on that much stylish subgenre of "blood and bare beauties", everything from Silvio Amadio's *Amuck/Alla Ricera del Piacere* to Anthony Dawson's *The Young, the Evil and the Savage/Nude...Si Muore*, via a few old favourites inbetween. ETC Editor Craig Ledbetter has handled all the reviews here - over 100 of them - and while we don't necessarily agree with each and everyone, this Special Collector's Issue will prove an invaluable asset to fans and scholars alike. Curiously, Ledbetter hates most everything Lucio Fulci has done apart from the boring *Murderock: Dancing Death*. \$5 (\$7.50 outside the U.S.) to: *European Trash Cinema*, PO Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325, USA. (Of the great ad mats that go to illustrate this ETC, many were executed by some person signing themself 'Juno'...any information anyone?) The next issue of ETC has been delayed due to Hurricane Andrew destroying the home of publisher Tom Weisser.

Are you eating it or is it eating you?...

Blood and Roses - The Vampire In 19th Century Literature (£7.95 Creation Press), a collection of classic vampire tales cleverly timed to coincide with the expected Dracula mania courtesy of Francis Coppola. Although the volume contains nothing new save the lengthy introduction

from co-editor Adèle Olivia Gladwell, Creation have to be commended for their choice of illustrations and consistently impressive production values.

A couple of lines penned by one-time Bonzo Dog Doo Dah Band member and ex-Rutles Neil Innes opens the long-awaited tome *Rapid Eye 2* (£9.95 Annihilation Press): "There are no coincidences/But sometimes the pattern is more obvious..." Fair comment considering that *Rapid Eye 2* - at size A5 and 390 plus pages - doesn't look at all like its predeceessing volume, but is a much sleeker, more streetwise affair. Editor Simon Dwyer once again manages to tap into some of the more necessary themes in that estranged medium of Transgression, and comes up with an original, valid and highly entertaining work that doesn't find itself bound to the usual motifs. The book is in two parts, the first part being collected essays and includes, amongst others things, an excellent glimpse into the life and career of Alex Sanders, Britain's own King of the Witches, as proffered by Leroy Green (this would have a made a good book in itself); murder, mutilation, Forteana and conspiracy theories in Ian Blaik's *Twilight Language*; Colin Wilson doing what he now does best - covet himself (in a piece on Brain Death); and several pieces devoted to film extremes with Paul Anthony-Woods wading - oft precariously - through the cinematic waters of Richard Kern and Jörg Buttgereit, Paul Buck discussing sex with screenwriter Paul *The Man Who Fell To Earth* Mayersberg, and David Flint rollercoaster-riding through that much maligned white knuckled genre, Mondo Movies. The second part of *Rapid Eye 2* is a monumental record by Simon Dwyer as he roams the good ol' altered states of America. His travelogue encompasses delirium with every footfall in a land that somehow successfully manages to market everything from Aids Christ to Vampira. And should Dwyer's journey tells us more about the 2,987 TV stations in Texas alone than it does about plastiland itself, then it's because this is the reality. A most excellent read.

Author of the piece 'The Other Bisexuality' in *Rapid Eye 2* is Adèle Olivia Gladwell, who has her own volume out through Creation, *Bridal Gown Shroud* (£6.95). Quite a departure this for Creation, a work of post-feminism obsessively exploring the classic woman-subjects of menstruation and abjection. In fiction and essays, drawing upon the likes of Nietzsche, De Sade, Henry Miller and *The Last Tango in Paris*, *Bridal Gown Shroud* is a very personal voyage through twentieth century forms and spirit, with such demanding - but no less arguable because of that - implications as 'junk equals true artist' to the outright "I do all things to excess". The subversive prose reads every bit to have been snatched casual gossip in the street (as in 'The Ex-Con'), a short sharp tale of a trick with dirty fingernails) and is sensual, while being both wordy and abrupt. The explorative essays - the aforementioned *Last Tango in Paris*, Michael R. Gira, literature, the "other sexuality" - follow to shed light on the conceptual divisions of male and female... Adèle Olivia Gladwell is a young black woman living in London, a graduate in Fine Arts



Adèle Olivia Gladwell

specialising in Cultural/Textual theory. This book is the first to promote her own multi-contextual theory.

To order both *Creation* and *Annihilation* Press books, or simply request their mail order catalogue, forward an A5 SAE to: Cease to Exist, 83 Clerkenwell Road, London, EC1M 5RJ.

Maybe his head just got loose & fell off...

Q: In what way is Jimi Hendrix connected to a particularly remote area of Wales?

A: Oliver. The first release on the recently formed prog rock reissue label, Tenth Planet, is Oliver's *Standing Stone* (TP001). One-man outfit and part-time farmhand Oliver recorded this album in early 1974 on



Oliver

a portable four track Teac machine at his parents' remote farm (in Wales). The drawbacks one might equate in such a situation with such a set-up are surprisingly well diverted, with the only allusion to the circumstances being in the track 'Freezing Cold Like An Iceberg' and it's adlibbed line "What's this chicken doing in my way?". Oliver is something of a legend among vinyl junkies. Given that the original limited release of this album in the early 70s was available only to family and friends, while Oliver himself jammed with the likes of JJ Cale, it isn't difficult to see why. The sleeve notes on Tenth Planet's reissue stipulate how, in time honoured Collector fashion, a battered copy of *Standing Stone* surfaced at a car boot sale in the late 80s and...the rest, of course, being history. At times coming over like a souped-up Beau Brummels in their electric folk heyday, with the phased madness of a Captain Beefheart on fuzz guitar at full crank, *Standing Stones* is an astonishing album - If you didn't believe that the archives could still hold in store another nugget, this will put you to rights. *Standing Stone* is limited to 500 copies. For order details: Tenth Planet, 56 Beresford Road, Chingford, London, E4 6EF. Oh, that Hendrix-Oliver connection? You may never know...

Hungarian underground band V.H.K. (that's short for Vagtazo Halottkemek, pop pickers) have now a third album, *Hammering on the Gates of Nothingness* on Alternative Tentacles (VIRUS 110). They've certainly - what's the word? - 'matured' since their hardcore origins, with *Hammering...* being somewhat less outright thrash and more sensurround cyclic themes than the previous vinyl - most evident in hypnotic 'Unsignable' and 'Eternity'. The tribal skin pounding and guitar riffs tracing traditional gypsy melodies made us think of Hawkwind of Arabia. But fear not, this is no lilly-livered half-hearted cop-out, V.H.K. drive like never before and *Hammering...* is, if no more accessible, most definitely their best album to date. Mixed by Theo Van Rock, he of Henry Rollins fame. For a complete catalogue of mail order Alternative Tentacles vinyl and accessories ("Over ten years of cultural terrorism for today's restless minds"), write: Alternative Tentacles, 64 Mountgove Road, London, N5 2LT.

Yr cassettes are destroying innocent people

With Cynthia (China O'Brien) Rothrock appearing in just about every other Action movie made, being touted as "one of the screen's most dynamic martial arts stars", some kind of Bruce Lee with breasts, we thought it about time to check the situation out. And what better way than with her latest vehicle, *Tiger Claws* (20:20 Vision)... A car window smashing is a big action effect in *Tiger Claws* - the type of action that always seems to take place on empty lots, too, miles from anywhere. The plot (ha!) is reiterated by everyone in the movie at every conceivable turn in order that 'more action' can take place, with quizzical expressions and arms straight down by sides providing the filler inbetween. The whole thing has that second-rate TV *Cops & Robbers* show look, with the leading man (not

Rothrock) going undercover with a wire to infiltrate the highly elite and sinister Tiger cult (based in a run-down shack on Main Street). As for Rothrock herself, well, she has got breasts - big ones - but she also has a big butt and does kung fu that couldn't by any stretch of the imagination floor the most whacked-out wino, let alone the Tiger Claw thugs. We must ask ourselves, *Why are you so dynamic, Cynthia?* Directed by Kelly Makin, *Tiger Claws* has a 15 cert.

Drew (*E.T.*) Barrymore recently got it together enough to make the B-picture, *Gun Crazy* (Medusa). Great title. Great movie. It's the story of Anita (Barrymore), a poor white trash teenager who, trapped in a boring miserable rural town, doesn't need to think too long and hard about taking to the road with ex-con Howard (James Le Gros). Hardly the most excitingly original concept for a picture, but any movie that has Joe Dallesandro delivering the line, "How about some company baby?" to his 'daughter' has got to be worth a look. Without a doubt, *Gun Crazy* goes out of its way to pitch itself as a cult movie, but it's so fucked-up it may well make the grade anyway - ie. a non-too subtle pre-occupation with firearm with Drew constantly strutting around caressing her piece. More sexual allusions with the girl getting excited after firing her pistol into the air, and the big-barreled affair tucked into her jeans, framed by her bare midriff - a passive scene which the cameraman deems necessary to ponder upon at length. When, later, Howard finds he can't make out with the girl, a gun-totin', pistol-whackin' alternative is offered: "There's other ways that people in love can get together." Ways that ain't sex... The two of them then embark on a kill-trip which ends in a bloody (slow-motion) massacre. Again not the most excitingly original picture ever, but a surprise nonetheless. *Gun Crazy* is directed by Tamra Davis and 15 cert.

Reservoir Dogs. SEE! SEE! SEE! Already, this has got to be one of the movies of the year, heralding back to a time when motion pictures used to get the ol' adrenalain-a-pumping...not just with out-and-out excitement, but because you, the viewer, are pummeled into acknowledging that cinema can still be an artform and that *auteurism* is not dead. From the opening shot, there is an overwhelming compulsion to the thing. One scene in particular almost brought tears to the stoney eyes of Headpress with its sheer cliff-face magnitude of brilliance (Hint: Tim Roth). With debuts like this, what hope does the UK have with the like of *The Revenge of Billy the Kid*, hmm? Quentin Tarantino's *Reservoir Dogs*, 18 cert.

Olaf Ittenbach - yes, from Germany - has directed *The Burning Moon*, a 35 minute 'trailer' for a 100 minute movie (which may or may not be finished by now). This independent short is the usual gut-o-rama you have come to expect of home-made horror, with much dismemberment and hacking and stuff. The plot proves to be rather convoluted for such an exercise, spinning as it does backwards and forwards through time, but the finale in which some dude is strapped to a table and operated upon



The Burning Moon

is truly repellent and effective and may well endear *The Burning Moon* to many a gore-meister's heart. It all has something to do with witchcraft (possibly) and we spotted an escape lunatic, a devil-worshipping R.C. priest, and unruly youths fighting in the streets... Oddly enough, of all the brutalities involved, Ittenbach's opening street fighting sequence is the weakest in the movie - not a good precedent. Just about every atrocity imaginable has been crammed into these 35 minutes, with throat slitting, knives in mouths, throwing of decapitated heads, eating of eyeballs, head kicking, teeth drilling, removal of an eyeball with a corkscrew, tearing of a body in half (12 times more impressive than the tearing of a body in half in Fulci's *Demonia*, trivia fans), and so on. The version we saw had no subtitles although Olaf does inform us that a subtitled version will be available around now. He is seeking a British distributor for his movie. Anyone interested in taking up the challenge or purchasing a copy write to: Olaf Ittenbach, Babenriederstr. 1, 8081 Landsberied, Germany.

What was left you could put in a plastic bag...
A round-up of the catalogues this time around... *Dark Carnival* continues to increase in size, the fourth edition being some 28 pages. Carrying an ever-increasing variety of genre publications, D.C. is without doubt the most comprehensive outlet for horror and sci fi zines this side of the Atlantic. Everything from *Aurealis: The Australian Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* to *Zero Hour: A Magazine of Strange Art and Fiction* is here, including a small selection of books and T-shirts and stuff. By heck, it even has some copies of *Headpress* #1, #3 and #4 left! It's difficult to knock a publication which charges £1 per sub of four issues, and we're not gonna do this, but maybe if it came mailed flat as opposed to folded double things'd

look that tad more pleasant and crease-free... Whatever, D.C. really does seem to care about what it's doing and it'd be foolish not to invest a measly pound coin in their catalogue. Dark Carnival Distribution, 21 Avon Road, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN16 1EP.

Once a year, or thereabouts, comes the Counter Productions catalogue with the 92/93 edition now being available. Their list is pleasantly eclectic in scope, and they carry a great manner of hard-to-find, small press publications: Fortean missives through to bizarre fiction and comix through to politic polemics. Strange for a mail order outfit, is that Counter Productions make no attempt to hard-sell or sweet-scent any of their titles. If it stinks in any way, they'll tell ya before you part with your cash. And that can't be a bad thing whichever way you choose to look at it. Nicely presented with 'regular' supplements throughout the annum. Send an A5 SAE to: Counter Productions, PO Box 556, London, SE5 ORL.

A recent favourite to pop through the *Headpress* letterbox is the Astral Ocean Cinema catalogue. Contrary to the warning blurb on the cover that THE ENCLOSED CATALOG WAS REQUESTED BY THE PERSONS NAME ON THE ENVELOPE. THIS IS NOT A RANDOM MAILING, it was a random mailing and there wasn't anyone's name on the envelope...officer. Still, we enjoy seeing such "instructional or artistic purposes only" books like this, particular when they offer such movies as the *Virgin Killer* for sale, whose plot synopsis runs as follows: "XXX Horror sexpic! English subtitles - Young people from throughout the Orient on their way to summer camp lose their virginity and live in the forest. Nude fucking by the rushing waters, tender lust in the fields, and arching oriental holes split wide open. Aborigine monster gangs prey on their unsuspecting victims treating them in inhumane ways. Fingers in every hole, Malaysian strippers for the beasts, and campers as the main course explicit sexuality. XXX S.E. ASIA. \$43.50" Can it be as good as it sounds? Every other (hardcore porn) flick on sale in Astral Ocean Cinema reads that way - albeit not quite as bizarre! - with an emphasis on ladies of the Orient. The catalogue is precious in itself, but don't bother ordering the movies from within the UK. Astral Cinema, Astral Plaza, PO Box 931753, Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, CA 90093, USA.

Catalogue 12 in *Delectus Books*' Erotica, Sexology and Curiosa collection is available, with the usually high pedigree of rare and desirable works. Where else you gonna find a copy of *Miss High Heels* or *No Magic Bullet: A History of Venereal Disease in the United States?* Delectus specialize in this stuff and, along with their own publications *A Guide to the Correction of Young Gentlemen* and (with Creation Press) Nick Hedges' stage adaptation of De Sade's *120 Days of Sodom* (both still available), now move into the realm of T-Shirts with the limited run 'Fetish' and 'The Desire to Dominate'. Write: Delectus Books, 27 Old Gloucester St., London, WC1N 3XX

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"Do not be too confident Mr.---, it is difficult to tell who is sick"

HEADLINES the strange issue

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